

Livre de la Rose willm. fer
E. and C. Kynges
Ekynges Rycharde cuer du lyon.

John Cawpe



*Cynes
734.*

Ekynges R.



A.L.



The prologue.

Orde kynge of glorie
Suche grace and suche vyctorie
Thou sendest to kynge Rychard
That never was founde coward
It is good to here Testes
Of his prowesse and his conquestes
Many romayns men make newe
Of good knyghtes and of trewe
Of theyr dedes men rede romauns,
Sothe in Englonde and in Fraunce
Of Rowlande and of Olyvere
And of euery desepere
Of Alysaunder and of Chatlemayne
Of kynge Arthur and of Gawayne,
How they were knyghtes good and curtoys
Of Turpyn and of Oger the danoyrs
Of troye men rede in ryme
What was by olde tyme
Of Hector and of Achylles
What folke they slewe in pres
In fraunce these rymes were wrought
Euery englyssh he ne knew it noughe
Lewde man can frenssh he none
Of an hondred vnneth one
Neuertheles with gladde chere
Yf that ye wyll nowhere
Ne me Testes I vnderstonde
Of doughty knyghtes of Englonde
Therefore now I wyll you rede
Of a kynge doughty of dede

Kynge Rycharde was the beste
That is founde in ony Ieste
Now all that here this talkynge
God gyue them good endynge

Here begynneth the hysto ry of Kynge Ry-
charde cure du lyon / and fyrt of his byrth.

Lordes harken now before me
How kynge Rycharde was borne
His fader was cleped kynge Harry
In his tyme sykerly
As I fynde in this sawe
Saynt Thomas was Islaue
At Caunterbury before the auter stone
There myracles be done many one
Whan he was. xx. Wynter olde
He was a kynge swythe bolde
He wolde no wyfe I vnderstonde
With grete tresour though they her fonde
Neuertheles his barons hym redde
That he graunted them a wyfe to wedde
Hastely he sente his sonde
In to many a dyuers londe
The fayrest woman that was on lyue
They sholde brynghe hym to wyue
Messengers be redy dyght
To shyppe they wente that same nyght
And theyr sayle vp they drowe
The wynde them serued well I nowe
And they came amyddes the see
No wyndes brethe ne had he

Kyng Ry.



A.ii.

Therefore they were swythe wo
Another shyppe they encountered tho
Suche ne sawe they never none
For it was so gay begone
Euery nayle with golde I graue
Of pure golde was his sklaue
Her mast was of Iuory
Of sampte her sayle wytly
Her ropes all of whyte iylke
As whyte as euer was ony mylke
The noble shyppe was without
With clothes of golde spred about
And her losse and her wyndlace
All with golde depaynted was
In the shyppe there were dyght
Knygthes and lordes of myght
And a lady therin was
Bygght as sonne throw the glas
Her men abrode gan stonde
And becket them with her honde
And prayed them for to dwell
And theyr auentures to tell
They graunted all with skyll
For to tell all her wyll
To dyuerse londes do we wende
For kynge Harry hath vs sende
For to seche hym a quene
The fayrest that myght on erth bene
Up arose a kynge of a chayre
With that worde and spake fayre
The chayre was of catbunkel stone
Suche sawe they never none

And other dukes hym besyde
Noble men of moche pryde
And welcomed the messengers euerychone
In to the shyppe they gan gone
Thyrty knyghtes without lye
For sothe was in that company
In that ryche shyppe they wente
The messengers that were sente
Knyghtes and ladyes came them agayne
Seuen score as men sayne
And welcomed them at one worde
Clothes of sylke were spred on borde
The kynge than anone badde
As it is in ryme radde
That his doughter were forth set
And in a chayre by hym set
Trumpettes began to blowe
She was set in a thowe
With xx knyghtes her aboute
And double so many of ladyes stoute
All they began to knele her to
For it was reason so to do
They ete and dranke & were glad
For so the ryche kynge bad
Whan they had done theyr mete
Of auentures they began to speke
The kynge them tolde in his reason
How it came hym in a bysyon
In his londe that he came fro
In to Englond for to go
And his doughter that was hym dere
For to wende with hym in fere

Kynge R.



A.iii.

And in this maner we be dyght
Unto your londe to wende ryght
Than answered a niessengere
His name was cleped Barnagere
Ferther wyll we seke nougat
To my lord he shall be brought
Whan he her with eyen doth se
Full well apayed wyll he be
The wynde rose out of the north west
And serued them with the best
At the tourne they gan aryue
To londe the knyghtes wente blyue
The messengers the kynge hath tolde
Of that lady fayre and bolde
There he laye in tourne
The lady that was whyte as floure
Kynge Harry gan hym soone dyght
With erles barons and many a knyght
Ayenst that lady for to wende
For he was courteys and hende
The damoysell to londe was ladde
Clothes of golde before her spradde
The messengers on eche a syde
And mynstreles of moche pryde
Kynge Harry lyked her seynge
That fayre lady and her fader the kynge
And sayd to hym ryght so
Ye be welcome all me to
To westmynster they wente in fete
Lordes ladys that there were
Trumpetes began for to blowe
To mete they wente in a thowre

Knygtes there serued a good sped
Of theyr mete to tell it is no nedē
And after mete in hyenge
Speketh Harry our kynge
To the kynge that late in same
Good syr what is your name
My name he sayd is Carbarryngs
Of antyoche I am the kynge
He tolde hym his reason
How hym came in hysyon
Syr he sayd I tell the
I had brought elles more meyne
Many mo without fayle
And mo shypes with vytayle
Yet asked he that lady bryght
What name my lady ye bryght
Cosodozean without lesynge
Thus answered she the kynge
Damoysell he sayd bryght and shene
Wyll ye dwell and be my quene
She answered with wordes stylle
Syr I am at my faders wyll
Her fader graunted swythe sone
At your wyll it shall be done
Hastely that she be wedde
As a quene to a kynges bedde
And prayd hym for his courtesy
It myght be done all pryuely
The spousynge was done that nyght
Therat daunsed many a knyght
Moche Joye was them amonge
A preest full soone the masse songe

Kyyng B.

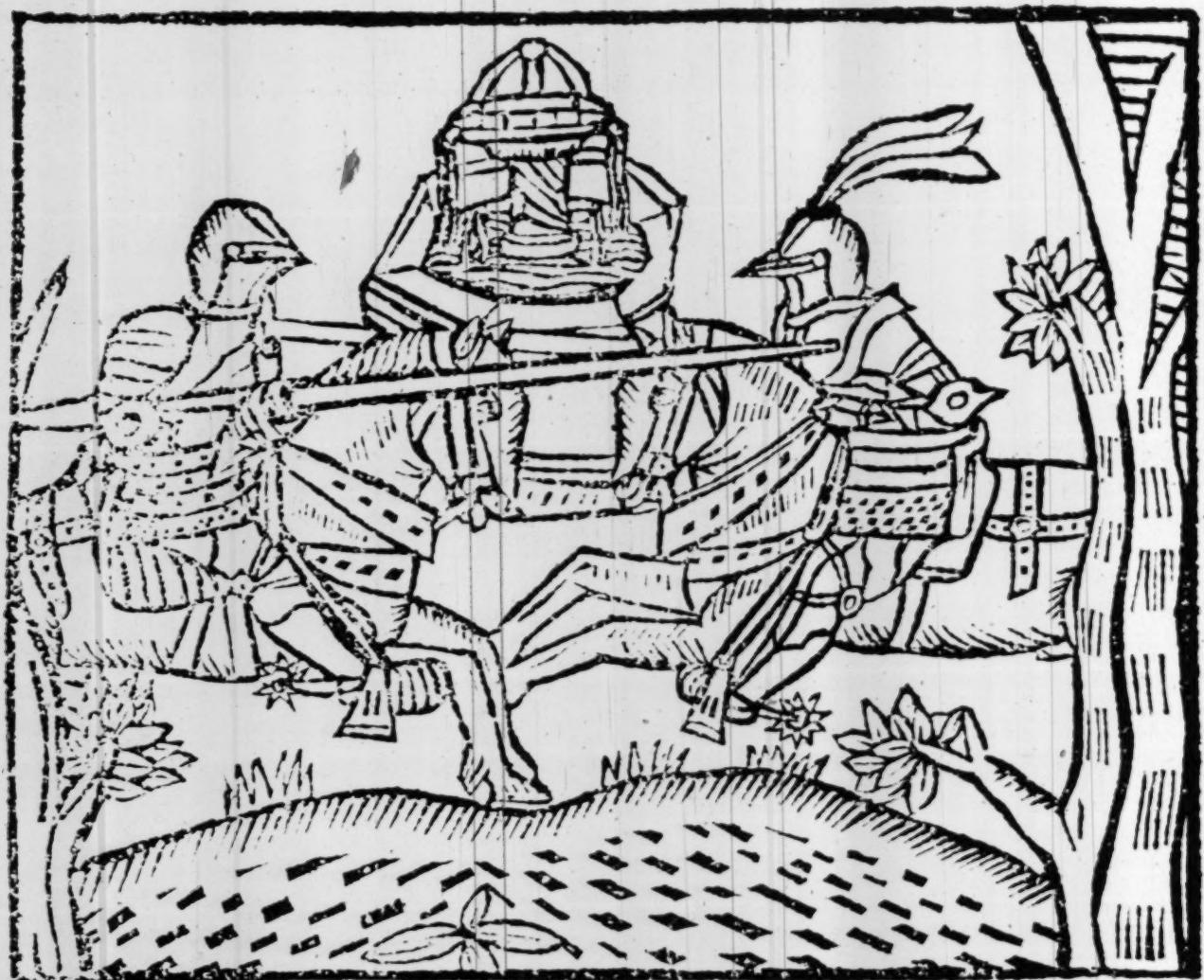


A.iii.

And whan it came to the leuacyowne
In a swounyng she fell downe
The people than her soze a dradde
In to a chambre she was ladde
She sayd for I am thus hent
I dare neuer se the sacrament
Upon the moze her fader toke leue
No lenger wolde he there be leue
The kynge dwelled with his quene
Chyldren they had them byt wene
Two sones and a mayd
Forsothe as the boke vs sayd
Bycharde hyght the fyrist Iwys
Wherfore these romayns made is
And Johan forsothe that other was
And theyr syster hyght Coppas
Thus they dwelled in fere
Tyll the xv. yere
Upon a daye before the rode
The kynge at his masse stode
There came an erle of grete poste
Syr he sayd how may this be
That my lady the quene
The sacrament dare not sene
Gyue vs leue to do her dwell
Fro the begynnyng of the gospell
Tyll the masse be songe and sayd
And than shall ye le a queynt brayd
The kynge graunted with good wylle
For to holde her with strength stylle
Freyther for wele ne for woo
Let her not out of the chyrche goo

And whan the bell began to ryng
The preest sholde make the sakerynge
Out of the chyrche she wolde awaie
But the erle sayd soone naye
He sayd lady thou shalte abyde
For ony thynge that may betyde
She toke her daughter vpon her honde
And Iohan her loue she wolde not wonde
Out of the rote she gan her dyght
Openly before all theyr syght
Iohan fel frome her in that stonve
And brake his thygh on the grounde
And with her daughter she fied her waye
That neuer after she was I sey
The kynge wondred of that thynge
That she made suche an endynge
For loue that she was serued so
Wolde he neuer after comie there ne go
He let ordene after his endynge
His sonne Rycharde to be kynge
Crowned after kynge Harry
Thus was Rycharde sykerly
That was in his. xv. yere
He was a man of grete powere
Dedes of armes he gaue hym to
As falleth for kynges and knyghtes to do
He waxed so stronge and so wrght
Ayenst hym had no man no myght
In euery stede he toke honoure
As a noble kynge and conqueroure

How kynge Rycharde made a Justynge.



He fyrlst yere that he was kynge
At Salysbury he made a Justyng
And commaūded every man to be there
Bothe with shelde and with spere
Erles and barons eucrychone
At home ne dwelled never one
On forseyture on lyfe and londe
For no thyng that they ne wonde
This was cryed I vnderstonde
Throughout all Englonde
All was for to loke and se
The knyghtes that best myght be
There they came all at his wyll
His commaundement to fulfyll
The partyes were sonder set
Togyder they ran without let

Kynge Kycharde gan hym dysguysse
In a full stronge queyntysse
He came out of a valaye
For to se of theyr playe,
As a knyght auenturous
His atyre was orgulous
All togyder cole blacke
Was his horse without lacke
Upon his creste a rauen stode
That yaned as he were wode
And aboute his necke a bell
Wherfore the reason I shall you tell
The oynge of the rauen is
In trauayll for to be Jwys
Sygnysfaunce of the bell
With holy chyrche to dwell
And them to noy and to greue
That be not in the ryght byleue
He bare a shalte that was grete and stronge
It was fourtene fote longe
And it was grete and stoute
One and twenty inches aboute
The fyfth knyght that he there mette
Full egerly he hym grette
With a dentz amyd the shelde
His horse he bare downe in the felde
And the knyght fell to grounde
full nye deed in that stounde
The nexte that he mette thare
A grete stroke he hym bare
His forgetto with his cornell tho
His necke he brake thare a two

Hys horse and he fell to grounde
And dyed bothe in that stounde
Kynge Rycharde gan houe & abyde
Yf ony mo wolde to hym ryde
Trumpettes began for to blowe
Knygthes Justed in that rowe
Another knyght hardy and good
Sate on a stede rede as blode
He dyde hym armie and well dyght
In all that longed to suche a knyght
A shafte he toke grete and louge
That was so heuy and stronge
And sayd he wolde to hym ryde
Yf he durste hym abyde
Trumpettes began to blowe than
Therby wiste many a man
That they sholde Juste mere
The noble knygthes that there were
Kynge Rycharde of hym was ware
And a spere to hym he bare
And encountred hym in the felde
He bare awaye halfe his shelde
His pulen therwith gan gone
And also his brandeillet bone
His byser and his gorgere
Hym repented that he came there
Kynge Rycharde houed and behelde
And thought to rest hym in the felde
Yf there were other knyght or swayne
That wolde more ryde hym agayne
He sawe there wolde come none
On his waye he gan forth gone

Into a wede out or theyr lyght
And in another tyre he hym dyght
Upon a stede rede as blode
With all the tyre that on hym stode
Horse and shelde armure and man
That no man sholde knowe hym than
Upon his creste a rede hounde
The tayle henge to the grounde
That was sygnyfycacyon
The hethen tolke to bryng downe
Them to see for goddes loue
And crysten men to bryng aboue
Styll he houed and bode yore
To them he thought to ryde more
He rode the thronge all aboute
He heldc within and withoute
A baron he sawe hym besyde
Towarde hym he gan ryde
To a squyer he toke his spere
To hym he wolde it not bere
Forth he toke a mansell
A stroke he thought to be set well
On his helme that was so stronge
Of that dente the fyre out spronge
The baron tourned hym asyde
And sayd felowe forth thou ryde
With thy speres go and playe
Come no more here I the praye
And syketly yf thou do
Thou shalte haue a knocke or two
Kynge Rycharde wondred in his thought
That he set his stroke at nought

And came agayne by another waye
And thought to make a better paye
In his styrope vp he stode
And smote to hym with Ire full mode
He set his stroke on his yron hat
But that other in his sadell sat
Hastely without wordes mo
His mase he toke in his honde tho
That was made of yotyn bras.
He wondred who that it was
Suche a stroke he hym lente
That Rycharde feet out of his steropes wente
For plate ne for acketton
For hauberkne for cimpeson
Suche a stroke he never had none oze
That dyde hym halfe so moche soze
Full swythe awaye he gan ryde
Out of the paces there besyde
To hym selfe he sayd tho
Of suche strokes kepe I no mo
He wente adowne to a well
And with his helme dranke his fell
And he watred his stede also
In the thyrde atyre he let hym do
All his atyre whyte as mylke
His croper was of sylke
Upon his shulder a crosse rede
That betokeneth goddes dede
With his enemyes for to fyghte
To wynne the crosse yf that he myghte
Upon his heed a doue whyte
Sygnifacyon of the holy spypye

To be bolde to wynne the pryse
And dystroye goddes enemyes
To the kynge Kyrcharde gan hym dyght
Than another noble knyght
Souke doly was his name
The kynge hym loued for his fame
To hym a stroke he dyght
Well to paye with all his myght
He smote hym on his bassonet
A grete dente without let
It swouned to his cheke bone
Syr Souke bad hym forth gone
That he nolenger abyde
In auenture yfony stroke betyde
The kynge sawe he felte no soze
And thought to gyue hym more
And another stroke he hym brayde
His mase vpon his heed he layde
With good wyll that stroke he set
The baron thought he wolde hym let
And with his heuy mase of steele
There he gaue the kynge his dele
That his helme all to roue
And he ouer his sadell droue
And his steropes he forbare
Suche a stroke had he never are
He was so astonyed of that dente
That nye he had his lyfe lente
And for that stroke that hym was gryuen
He ne wist whether it was daye or euen
Tho he recovered of his swoone
To his palays he hym drowe

Than he commaunded hastely
Herodes for to make crye
And euery man for to wende
Home to his owne frende
The kynge anone a messengere
full preuely he sente there
To syr Thomas of multon
That was a noble baron
And to syr Fouke dely
That they come to hym on hye
Let them not dwell in no manere
Bydde them come bothe in fere
The messengers therewith wente
And sayd the kynge after them sente
Swythe for to come hym to
Without delaye that it be do
The knyghtes hyed and were blythe
To the kynge they wente swythe
And hendly they hym grette
And he ihem toke and by hym sette
And sayd to them wordes free
Welcome be ye now to me
In eyther honde he toke one
And in to a chambre they gone
Quod Rycharde swete frendes twaye
Tell me the sothe I you p^raye
What knyghtes that rode best cours
Of this Justes paramours
And whiche coude best his crafte
For to demene well his shafte
With dentes for to fell his foos
Whiche of them wan the loos

And who styffest tymbre brake
Quod Thomas one in a tyre blake
Came prycyng ouer falowe and felde
All that there was hym behelde
How he rode as he were wode
A come he houed and withstode
On his creste a rauen swarte
And he ne helde with neyther parte
A shafte he bare stife and stronge
Fourtene fote it was longe
It was bothe styffe and stoute
Anone he asked all the route
Yf ony durst come and proue
A cours for his lemanys loue
With a knyght of auenturous here
A yonge knyght a Ioly bachelere
Hente a shafte and stede bestrode
To the auenturous knyght he rode
The auenturous with hym met
Suche a stroke on his shelde he set
That horse and man ouerthrew
There was no wyght that hym knewe
Trumpettes yede herodes gaderynge
All the other knyghtes of hym had dzedynge
To Juste with hym este with launce
The auenturous betyde so fayre chaunce
An hardy knyght stoute and sauage
Hente a shafte with stronger age
Now hath he one of oures felde
Worth we never for men telde
Sith he hath done vs that dyspyte
yf he agayne passe quyte

Kynge K.



B.t.

That fyrtle he haue no knocke
He pycked forth fro all the flocke
With a shafte stoute and square
Amydde the cours than met they thare
The auenturous smote his shelde amydde
A wonders case our knyght betyddre
The auenturous felde hym with Ire
Downe of his stede and brake his swyre
The thre knyghtes to speke began
This is the deuyll and no man
That our folke felleth and sleeth
Tyde me lyse tyde nie deeth
I shall mete hym yf I may
The auenturous knyght with grete deray
So harde to our knyght he droue
His shelve in two peces he cloue
His shulder with his shafte he bracke
And bare hym ouer his horse backe
That he fell downe and brake his arme
He dyde hym no more harme
The auenturous tho tourned ayene
And houed stylle for to sene
Who wolde Juste with hym moxe
Of hym they were adradde full soore
No man durste Juste with hym este
Leste he them theyr lyse bereftes
Whan he sawe there came no mo
He rode agayne there he came fro
After the blacke another came
All the folke gaue hym good name
His horse and his atyre was rede
He semed well to be a quede

A rede hounde on his helme aboue
He came to seche and to prove
Yf ony knyght Juste with hym dare
Of no man tho was he ware
That hym made chalenge
He rode downe tho by the renge
The deuyll hym hange where euer he be
I wote not what hym ayled at me
His shafte tho his squyre he toke
And behelde me with a grym loke
And smote me so with his mase
He had be Ihesu crystes grace
My swyre had gone awye
I bad hym ryde forth his waye
And dele with foles as his selfe was
Agayne he came by another pas
And gaue me a worse buffate
But styll in my sadell I late
Than layd many a moders sone
Alas syr Thomas of multone
That is smyten without skyll
My mase I hente with good wyll
And smote hym that all foikes saye
Downe of his horse withouten naye
Whan I had hym a stroke set
And wolde haue blyssed hym bet
No mo strokes wolde he abyde
But awye soone he gan ryde
Whan multon had his tale tolde
Syr fouke doly a baron bolde
Sayd to kyng Eycharde
The thyrde therc came soone afterwarde

Kyng E.



B.ii.

His atyre was whyte as snowe
Therof many one there lowe
In his shelde a crosse rede as blode
A whyte doue on his helme stode
He houed styl and behelde vs yerne
Yf there were ony knyght so sterne
So hardy a man and stronge of bones
That durst Juste with hym ones
There was none so stoute ne grym
That durst Juste ones with hym
Downe by the renge he wente faste
To me he came at the laste
For sothe syr kyng quod frouke than
I wende he had ben a symplic man
With his mase on my bassenet
A stroke vpon my helme he set
With wrathe stronge and eger mayne
That nygh all astonyed was my brayne
I speake to hym wordes fewe
And badde hym ryde worth wood shewe
And playe with them that be thy pere
Yf thou come ofte in this manere
For to be wyse I shall the teche
Eft he caine agayne to seche
A worse stroke he gaue me tho
And my mase I drewe me to
And a stroke I hym set
Euen vpon his bassenet
That bothe his styropes he lese
And he hyed hym faste cut of the prese
Home towarde the wodde bowe
Kyng Rycharde late and faste lowe

And sayd frendes sykerly
Take it not in grefe for it was I
Whan ye were gadred in fere
Auencurous I came in this manere
Who was strongest you to assaye
And who that coude best strokes paye
Lordes he sayd wote ye ought
What I haue ordyned in thought
The holy londe to wende to
We thre without ony mo
All in palmers guyse
The holy londe to deuyse
To me I wolde that ye were sworne
No man to knowe it that is boorne
Neither for wele ne for woo
Cyll that we be come and goo
They graunted hym his askynge
Without ony withsayenge
With hym to lyue and to dye
Lettynge for loue ne for enuye
On the boke they layde theyr honde
To that forwarde for to stonde
Tho they asked all thre
Crewe sworne for to be
Trompettes blewe and made crye
To mete they wente hastely
And on the .xii. daye at ende
They were redy for to wende
With pycke and with slauayne
As palmers or panayme

How kynge Rycharde toke shypynge.

Kynge R.



B.iii.



QW they dryght them full rare
These thre knyghtes for to fare
They set vp sayle þ wynde was good
And sayled ouer the salte flood
In to flaunders as I you saye
Kynge Rycharde and his feres twaye
Forth they wente with gladde chere
Thorugh many londes farre and nere
Cyll they came to blaundys
That is a coste of moche prye
A noble shyppe they founde thare
Ouer the see for to fare

The sayle was reyled in the shyppe stronge
And in the see they were longe
There they dwelled forty dayes
For to lerne the londes layes
Syth they dyde them to the see
Towarde Acrys that ryche cyte
And so forth to masydoyne
And to the cyte of Babyloyne
And so forth to sylaxe
Of nyngue they were ware
And also of Iherusalem
And to the cyte of bedleem
And to the cyte of gandon tury
And also to obedy
And to the castellof orgulous
And to the cyte of apparylous
To Jasse and to saffrayne
To bryght and to betayne
Thus they bysyted the holy londe
How they myght it wynne to theyr honde
And syth home warde they them dyght
To englonde with all theyr myght
Whan they had passed the grekes see
In almayne the palmers thre
There they wroUGHT or they thens myght goo
That tourned them to moche woo
I shall you tell in what manere
Now harken all that ben here
Agooes they dyghte to theyr dynete
In a tauerne there they were
Kynge Rycharde the fyre fet
And Thomas to the spytte hym set

Kynge R.



B.iii.

Souke doly made the bose
Full dere bought they the gose
And as they were etynge theyr fyll
Anone there came in a mynstryll
And sayd good men sykerly
Wyll ye haue ony mynstrelsy
Kynge Rycharde bad hym thens go
That tourned them to moche wo
The mynstell toke that in mynde
And thought that they were vnynde
And yf I may they shall forthynke
For they bad me neyther ete ne drynke
For gentylles sholde bydden
To glee men that aboute yeden
Of theyr mete wyne or ale
For lose ryseth of mynstrale
They were englysshe well he knewe
By speche and lyght hyde and hewe
For he wente in that tyde
To a castell there besyde
And tolde the kynge all and some
That thre men were to the cyte come
Stronge men bolde and fere
In the worlde is not theyr pere
Kynke Rycharde of englonde was the one man
Souke doly was that other than
The thyrde Thomas of Multon
Noble knyghtes of renowne
In palmers wede they be dyght
That no man sholde knowe them ryght
To hym sayd the kynge Iwys
That thou haste yf it sothe is

Thou shalte haue thy wartyowne
And chose thy selfe a ryche towne
The kynge comanded his knyghtes
To arme them in all myghtes
And go and take them all thre
And swythe brynghe them to me
Forth wente the knyghtes in fere
And toke the palmers at theyr dynere
They were brought before the kynge
And he asked them in hyenge
Palmers he sayd whens be ye
Of Englonde they sayd we be
What hyght thou falowe sayd the kynge
Rycharde he sayd without lesynge
What hyght thou he sayd to the elder man
Fouke dolp he answered than
And what thou he sayd gray here
Thomas of multon he sayd there
The kynge asked them all thre
What they dyde in his countre
I saye you without lyes
Ye seme well to be spyes
Ye haue sene my londe vp and downe
I crowe ye thynke me some treasonne
For as moche as thou syr kynge
And thy barons without lesynge
Semme not to be thus dyght
Therefore ye shall with law & ryght
Ben uot in a stronge pryson
For ye thynke to do me treason
Kynge Rycharde sayd so mote I the
Thou doest vnyght thynketh me

Kynge R.



C.i.

Palmers that gone by the waye
Them to prylon nyght or daye
Syr kyng for thy courtesy
Do vs palmers no blyony
for his loue that we haue songht
Let vs go and greue vs nought
for auentures that may betyde
In straunge londes where thou ryde
The kyng commaunded anone
In to prylon them to done
The porter I vnderstonde
Toke Rycharde by the honde
And his felawes with hym tyte
Lenger had they no respyte
Tyll that other daye at pryme
The kynges sone came in euyll tyme
Wardrewe was his name
He was a knyght of grete fame
He was grete stronge and fere
In that londe was not his pere
Porter he sayd I praye the
Thy pryloner lett me see
The porter sayd all at your wyll
Erly or late loude or stylle
He brought them forth all thre,
Rycharde formest tho came he
Wardrewe spake to hym than
Arte thou Rycharde the stronge man
As men saye in echelonde
Darste thou stonde a buffet of my honde
And to morowe I gyue the leue
Suche another me to gyue

Anone kynge Rycharde
Graunted to that forwarde
The kynges sone fyers and proute
Gau Rycharde an eere cloute
The fyre out of his eyen spronge
Rycharde thought he dyde hym wronge
And sware his othe by saynt Martyn
To morowe I shall paye myn
The kynges sone with good wyll
Badde they sholde haue theyr fyll
Bothe of drynke and eke of mete
The best that they wolde ete
That they myght not awyte
For feblenes his dente to smyte
And in to bedde be brought to reste
To quyte his that he be prest
The kynges sone was curtese
That nyght he made hym well at ease
On the morowe whan it was daye
Rycharde rose as I you saye
Waxe he toke clere and bryght
And sone a fyre he hym dyght
And weyed his hondes by the fyre
Duerthwarde and endlonge be you sure
A strawes brede thycke and more
For he thought to smyte soze
With his honde he hath tyght
To make a Payne that he hath hyght
The kynges sone came in than
To holde forwarde as a trewe man
And before Rycharde he stode
And spake to hym with trefull mode

Kyng R.



C.ii.

Smyte he sayd with thy myght
Thou hast I fared well this nyght
And yf I stope or felde
Kepe me neuer to bere shelde
Under his cheke Recharde his honde layde
He that it sawe the sothe sayd
Flesshe and skynne awaye he tare
That he fell downe in grete care
He all to brake his cheke bone
That he was deed as ony stone
A knyght sterte to the kynge
And tolde hym that tydynge
That Rycharde had his sone sloo
Alas he sayd how shall I doo
With that worde he fell to grounde
As a man that was in wo bounde
He foundred and lost his fete
Knygthes toke hym vp without lete
And sayd syr let be thy thought
Now it is it done helpeth nougnt
The kynge spake wordes on hye
To the knygthes that stode hym bye
Tell me swythe of this cas
In what maner that it done was
Syll they stode euynchone
For sorowe myght they tell none
With that noysle came the quene
Alas she sayd how may this bene
Why is this sorowe and this fars
Who hath brought you in care
Dame he sayd wotest thou nougnt
Thy fayre sone to deth is brought

Syth I was borne to man
Suche sorowe had never woman
All my Joye is tourned to woo
For sorowe I wolde my selfe clou
Whan the quene vnderstode
For grete care she waxed ny wode
Her kerchers she drewe and heer also
Alas she sayd what shall I do
She cratched her selfe in the vysage
As a woman that was in a rage
She fomied all on blode
And rente her robe that she in stode
And sayd alas that I was borne
That thus my sone haue forloyne
Lord she sayd how may this be
These knyghtes he sayd tolde it me
Now tell the sothe the kyng sayd than
In what maner saye ye this dede began
And but ye the sothe say
An euyll deth shall ye dep
The knyghtes called the Jaylere
And badde he sholde stonde nere
To bere wytnes of that sawe
In what maner he was slawe
The Jayler sayd yesterday at pryme
Your sone came in an euyll tyme
To the pryon doze to me
And the palmers he wolde se
And I set them forth anone
Rycharde fornest gau gone
Wardre we asked without let
If he wolde stonde hym a buffet

Kynge R.



C.iii.

And he hym wolde another stonde
As he was trewe knyght in londe
Rycharde sayd by this lyght
Smyte on with all thy myght
Rycharde had suche a stroke of Wardrewe
That full nygh he hym ouerthre we
Rycharde he layd now bydde I the
To morowe another thou gyue me
They departed in this wyse
On the morowe Rycharde began to rysse
And your sone anone came
And Rycharde ayenst hym name
As couenaunt was byt wene them twayne
Rycharde smote the sothe to sayne
Euen all a two his cheke bone
That he fell deed as ony stone
And as I am sworne to you here
Thus it was in this manere
The kynge sayd with eger wyll
In pryon they shall be styll
And fetters vpon theyr fete feste
For this dede done vnweste
And for he hath my sone slawe
He shall dye by ryght lawe
The Taylere yede as he was sent
To do the kynges comandement
That daye ete they no mete
Nor no drynke myght they gete
The kynges doughter laye in her boure
With ladyes and maydens of honoure
Margery her naime hyght
She lokid Rycharde with all her myght

At the mydde daye before the none
To the pryson she wente soone
With her wente maydens thre
Porter she sayd let me se
The prysoner hastely
Blychly he sayd sykerly
He brought them forth anone ryght
Fayre they grette that lady bryght
And sayd to her with herte fre
With vs lady what wyll ye
Whan she sawe Rycharde with her eyen two
Her loue she caste vpon hym tho
She sayd Rycharde sauē god aboue
Of all thyngē moost I the loue
Alas quod Rycharde in that stounde
With wronge I am brought to grounde
A poore prysoner as ye may se
What may my loue do to the
This is the thyrde daye agone
That mete nor drynke had I none
The lady had of hym pyte
Certes it shall amended be
She commaunded the Jaylere
Metē and drynke to fetche them there
And the Irons frome them take
I praye the for my sake

¶ Of the loue btywene þ kynges doughter and
kyngé Rycharde/and after how that kyngé Rys
charde slewe a lyon/and how he ete the herte of
the lyon all rawe/wherfore he hadde the name/
stronge kyngé Rycharde cure de lyon

Kynge R.



C.iii.



And after souper in the eueninge
To my chambre thou Rycharde bryngē
In the tyre of a squivere
My selfe I shall kepe hym there
By Ihesu cryst and by sayne Symon
Thou shalte haue thy waryson
The Jayler forgate it nought
To her chambre he hym brought
With that mayde he dwelled stylle
And played with her his wyll
Tyll the seuenth daye sykerly
He yede and came pruely
He was aspyed of a knyght
That to the chambre he caue tyght
Pryuely he tolde the kynge
That forlayne was his doughter yinge

The kyngे asked hym soone
Who hath he sayd that dede done
Rycharde he sayd that traytour
He hath done you the dyshonour
Syr he sayd by my crystendome
I sawe whan he wente and come
The kyngē in herte syghed soze
To hym spake he tho no more
But swythe without fayle
Sente after his counsayle
Erles and barons and wyse clerkes
For to counsayl hym of his werkes
The messengers gan forth gone
His counsaylours came anone
By that it was the. xiii. daye
They were come as I you saye
All at ones they grette the kyngē
Sothe to saye without faynge
He sayd loves welcome be ye all
He wente forthin to the hall
Almonge them the kyngē hym set
I shall you tell without let
Why I haue after you sente
To gyue a traytour Jugement
That hath done grete treason,
Kyngē Rycharde that is in my pryon
All he them tolde in his sawe
How he had his sone I sawe
And he were deed than were I fayne
For he shall never home agayne
And now it is ordyned so
Men shall no kyngē to deth do

To hym spake a bolde baron
How came kynge Rycharde in your pryson
He is holden so noble a kynge
To hym dare no man do thyng
The kynge tolde hym in all wyle
How he hym founde and in what guyse
And with hym other two barons
Noble men of grete renounys
I toke them through suspencion
In thys maner to my pryson
He toke leue of them cuetychone
In to a chambre he bad them gone
For to take theyr counsayle
That them myght best awayle
In theyr speche they dwelid thore
Two dayes and sondely more
And stroue as they were wode
With grete errour & with grete mode
Some wolde hym hange and drawe
And some sayd it was no lawe
On this maner to flee a kynge
They ne myght accorde for no thyng
The wysest sayd verament
We wyll gyuz hym no Jugement
Thus answered they the kynge
Syr greue you no thyng
For syr Eldred forsothe Iwys
He can yu tell what best is
For he is a wyse man of rede
That many a man hath dampned to dede
The kynge badde without lette
That he were before hym fette

He was brought before the kyng
The whiche hym axed at his comynge
Canst thou me tell in what manere
On Rycharde that I auenged were.
He answered I tell the
Theron I must auysle me
Ye wote well it is no lawe
A kyng to hange ne to drawe
Therefore do by my reason
Hastely take your lyon
And with holde hym his mete
Thre dayes that he noue ete
And Rycharde in a chambre do
And put the lyon than hym to
In this maner he shall be slawe
Than doost thou not ayenst the lawe
The lyon there shall hym sioo
Than arte thou awzeked of thy foo
The mayde aspyed of that reasone
And than bethought her soone
And after hym soone she sent
To warne hym of that Jugement
Whan he to her chambre came than
Welcome she sayd my leuman
My lord hath ordyned thorugh rede
The thyrde daye thou shalte be dede
In to a chambre thou shalte be do
And a lyon shall be put ihe to
That shall haue honter scze
Than wote I well thou lyuest no more
But swete leuman sayd she thare
Let vs cut of this londe fare

With golde and syluer & moche mony
I nought to spende than haue I
Rycharde sayd I vnderstonde
That were ayenst the lawe of londe
Awaye to wende without leue
The kynge I wyll not so greue
Of the lyon gyue I nought
Hym to slee haue I thought
By pryme vpon the thyrd daye
I wyll haue his herte to praye
Kerchers he asked of sylke
Fourty elles as whyte as mylke
In to the pryson ye them bryngē
A lytell before the euenyngē
Whan it to the tyme came
The mayde to pryson the way name
And with her a noble knyght
Theyr souper was redy dyght
Rycharde and his tway fere
Had y nought to theyr soupercē
And the porter also
She bad he sholde so do
That nyght they were glad ynowe
Euery man syth to chambre drowe
And Rycharde and that swete wyght
Togider dwelled all that nyght
And on the morowe whan it was darye
Rycharde badde her to wende awaye
Sawe she sayd by god aboue
I shall here dye for thy loue
Wyght nowhere I wyll abyde
Though I sholde to deth betyde

Certes hens wyll I not wende
I shall take the grace that god wyll sende
Rycharde sayd fayre lady free
But thou wende soone frome mee
Thou shalte me greue soze
That I shall loue the no more
There ayenst she sayd naye
Lemman haue now good daye
God that dyed on the tre
Saue the yf his wyll be
The keuertheses he toke on honde
And aboute his arme he wonde
And thought in that ylke whyle
To slee the lyon with some gyle
And syngle in a kyrtell he stode
And abode the lyon fyrs and wode
With that came the Jaylere
And other men that with hym were
And the lyon them amonge
His pawes were styffe and stronge
The chambre doze they vndone
And the lyon to hym is gone
Rycharde sayd helpe lord Ihesu
The lyon made to hym venu
And wolde hym haue all to rente
Kynge Rycharde belyde hym glente
The lyon on the breste hym spurned
That aboute he tourned
The lyon was hongry and megre
And bette his tayle to be egre
He loked aboute as he were madde
Abrode he all his pawes spradde

He cryed lowde and yaned wyde
Kynge Rycharde bethought hym that tyde
What hym was best and to hym sterte
In at the throte his honde he gerte.
And hente out the herte with his honde
Lounge and all that he there fonde
The lyon fell ded to the grounde
Rycharde felte no wem ne wounde
He fel on his knees in that place
And thanked Ihesu of his grace
That hym kepte frome shame and harme
He toke the herte also warme
And brought it forth in the hall
Before the kynge and his lordes all
The kynge at mete late at the dese
The erles barons proude in prese
The salte on the table stode
Kynge Rycharde thyste out all the blode
And wette the herte in the salte
The kynge and his men hym behalte
Without bredc he it gan ete
The kynge wondred and began to speke
Iwys as I vnderstonde can
This his the devyll and no man
He hath my stronge lyon slawe
The herte out of the body drawe
And hath it eten with good wyll
He may be called with good skyll
Crysten kynge moost of renowne
Stronge Rycharde cure delyowne

Chow kynge Rycharde sente for his rausom



Now of this lette we be
And of the kynge speke we
In care & mournynge ledeth his lyfe
And ofte calleth hymselfe caytysse
And cursed the tyme þe he was boorne

Sfor his sone hath he forlorne
And his daughter is forlayne
And this his lyon is thus slayne
Erles and barons came hym to
And the quene dyde also
And asked what he was
Ye wote he sayd all the cas
Why that I am in sorowe this houre
For Rycharde that stronge traytoure
He hath wrought me so moche woo
And I ne may hym to deth doo
Therefore I wyl at this sake
Raunson to his body take

For my doughter that is I shente
Ayenst the estate of sacramento
Of euery chyrche that prestes in syng
And matyns syng and belles ryng
There that two chalys be
That one shall be brought to me
Yf there be more than two
The halfe dele shall come me to
Whan I am serued of that fe
Than shall Rycharde delyuered be
And my doughter for her outrage
Shall for goo her herytage
Thus he sayd it shall be do
The barons graunted all therto
Kynge Rycharde they after sente
For to here theyr ordaynemente
Whan he came in to the hall
He grete the kynge and his men all
The kynge sayd verainent
We haue loked your Jugement
That thou shalte paye raunsones
For the and for thy barones
Of euery chyrche in thy londe
Thou shalte do come to my honde
There that two chalys in be
That one shall be brought to me
And yf there be more than two
The halfe dele shall be brought me to
Thorugh thy londe wite it wele
I wyll haue the halfe dele
And whan thou haste made thy paye
I gyue the leue to wende thy waye

And my doughter with the also
That agayne I se her neuer mo
Kynge Rycharde sayd as thou hast tolde
To that forwarde I me holde
Kynge Rycharde curteys and hende
Said who shall for my raunson wends
To Englonde to my chauncelere
That my raunson payed were
Who that it dooth without fayle
I shal hym quyte for his trauayle
Up there sterre an hende knyght
Thy message I wyll do full ryght
The kynge dyde a letter wryte
A good clerke dyde it endyte
And made therin mencyon
Lesse and more of that raunson
Grete well as I you saye
Myne archebysshoppes twaye
And so ye do my chauncelere
To serue this letter in all manere
For no thyng that they ne fayle
Sekerly it shall them auayle
His seale theron he hath set
The knyght it toke without let
He dyght hym and made hym yare
In to Englonde for to fare
Whan he was ouer the se brought
To go his way forgate he nought
To London he yede anone
There he founde them euerychone
He toke the letter as I you saye
To the archbysshoppes twaye

Kynge R.



D.L.

And bad them to do it rede
For it is sente for grete nedē
The chaunceler the seale brake
Soone they wiste what it spake
The letter was rede amonȝe them all
What therof sholde b̄ fall
How kynge Rycharde with treason
In almayne dwelled for taunson
The kynges sone he hath slayne
And his douthter eke forlayne
And also slayne his lyone
All these armes hath he done
They made clerkes for to wende
To euery chyrche fayre and hende
Hastely that it were spedde
And the treasour to hym ledde
Messenger now sayd he
Thou shalte dwell and haue with the
Fyue bysshoppes to ryde the by
And fyue barons sykerly
And other folke ynough with the
In vs no defaute shall be
Of euery chyrche lesse and more
They gadered that treasore
And ouer the see they wente
For to make that fayre presente
And whan they came the cyte to
The kynge there they founde tho
And sayd as they were bethought
Swt thy rausom is hyther brought
Take it all at your wyll
Let go these men as it is skyll

The kynge sayd I gyue them leue
I shall them no more greue
And toke his doughter by the honde
And bad her swythe boyde the londe
The quene sawe what wolde fall
Her doughter to her she gan call
And sayd thou shalte dwell with me
Tyll Rycharde sende after the
As a kynge dooth after his quene
Thus I rede that it bene
Bynge Rycharde and his feres waye
To Englonde toke theyr waye
Now they be come to Englonde
Blessyd be Ihesu crystes sonde
He wente to London to that cyte
His erles and his barons fre
Thanked god of his good grace
That theyr kynge was in that place
His two feres wente ryght leone home
Theyr frendes were glad that they come
They bathed theyr bodyes that were soze
For trauayll that they had had before
Thus they dwelled halfe a yere
Amonge theyr frendes of grete powere
Tyll they were able for to stonde
The kynge commaunded thorough the londe
At London to make a parlyament
Of his comyns and lordes gent
As they wolde saue theyr lyfe
Or theyr chyldren or theyr wyfe
To London to his comon
Came bishoppes etles & many a boren

Kynge R.



D.IL

Abbottes pyours knyghtes & squyers
Burgeses and many bachelors
All the best of his londe
The kynges heste to vnderstonde
Before that tyme the grete countre
That was before the grekes see
Accrys and surrey and many londcs
Were in crysten mennes hondes
And the countre of Bedleem
And also Iherusalem
And Nazareth and Ieryco
And all Galyce thereto
Eucry palmer and pylgryme
That wolde theder go that tyme
Myght passe with good entente
Without raunson or ony rente
Other of syluer or of golde
To euer y stede where they wolde
Founde he no man to myssayne
Neyther no hondes on hym layne
Of surrey londe the duke myllon
Was lord in that stounde a bolde baron
Maugre the sowdan the londe he helde
And kepte it well with spere and sheld
He and the doughty erle Reynawte
Full ofte gaue hym harde assawte
And full ofte in batayll
Slew his knyghtes and pewtayll
Of sarasynes that mysbylued
The sowdan therof was agreued
Now harken of a treason stronge
Of the erle Roys was them amonge

To whome the duke myllon trust mekle
And he was a traytour false and fekle
The sowdan styl to hym sente
And he asked hym londes and rente
The crysten hoost to betraye
Who he hath wonne hym to paye
Of golde many a thousande pounde
And he graunted hym that stounde
Another traytour Markes feraunt
He wiste also of that couenaunt
And after his crystendome forsoke
And to the deuyll hym betoke
And thorough treason of the erle Rys
Surrey was borne and the holy croys
The dukes rewarde was hewe smale
All to peces sayth our tale
The duke myllon was full lyfe
He fledde out of the londe with his wyfe
He was erle of surrey londe
Kynge baldewyns sone I vnderstonde
That no man wiste never sythe
Where he became ne in what kythe
So this losse and this pyte
Spronge in to all crystente
An holy pope that hyght Urban
Sente to all crystendomie than
And assayed them of theyc synne
And gaue them paradyse to wynne
All that wyll theder gone
To wreke Ihesu of his sone
The kynge of fraunce without fayle
The der wente with moche bytayle

Kynge R.

¶

D.iii.

The duke of bloys the duke of burgon
The duke of estriche the duke of fussion
And also the Emperour of almayne
And many good knyghtes of brytayne
The erle of flaunders the erle of babelyne
The erle of arteys the erle of Colyne
Moche folke wente therer before
That nygh had theyr lyues loye
With grete warre and honger harde
As ye may here afterwarde
In haruest after the natuyte
Kynge Rycharde with grete solempnyte
At westmynster he helde a noble feste
With bysshoppes and barons honeste
Abbottes priours and swynes stronge
After mete yede them amouge
Kynge Rycharde stode vp and gan sayne
My selfe frendes wyll you sayne
Be in pease and harken vnto my tale
Erles barons grete and smale
Bysshops abbotte lewde and lerned
All crystendome may be afered
The pope Urban hath vs sente
By bull and by comandement
How the sowdan hath fyght begon
The towne of Asrys is I won
Thorugh the erle Rops trechery
All the kyngdome of surry
Iherusalem and the crosse is loyne
And bedleem there Ihesu was borne
Cysten knyghtes be hanged and drawne
The sarasynes hath them all slawe

Crysten men wyfe and grome
Wherfore my lord pope of Rome
Is soze agreued and anoyed
That crystendome is so dystroyed
All crystendome he hath sente and bod
And byddeth them in the name of god
To wende theder with grete hoost
For to fell the sarasynes boost
Wherfore I haue mente
To wende theder with swerdes dente
To wynne the crosse and gete the lose
Frendes what is your purpose
Wyll ye wende saye ye or nay
Erle baron knyght and all that may
They sayd we ben at one accord
With the to wende Rycharde our lord
Quod Rycharde frendes gramercy
It is our honour lysteneth why
The kyng of fraunce is wente forth
Ryden este and weste south and north
Thorugh Englond we wyl do crye
And make a playne treasourye
Moche folke the crosse haue nome
And to kyng Rycharde ben come
On horse and on fote well apparayled
Thre houndred shypes well bytaylled
Hawberkes swerdes and knyues
Thyrti shypes laden benlyues
Of tembre grete and sheldes longe
He let make a toure stronge
That queynte engyners made
Therwith thre shypes were lade

Kyng R.



D.iii.

Another shyppe was laden yet
With a gynne that hrght robynet
With Rycharde a mangenell
With all the takell that thereto fell
Whan they were dyght and rare
Out of the heuen for to fare
Ihesu them sente wynde so goode
To bere them ouer the salte flood
Kynge Rycharde sayd to his shypmen
Frendes do as I you ken
And mayster Alyn trenchmere
Where that ye come ferre and nere
And ye mete by the see stronde
Shyppes of ony other londe
Crysten men on lyue and lymme
Loke that ye no good benymme
And yf ye the sarasyns mete
Loke on lyue that ye none lete
Catell dormonde or galaye
Also I gyue it to your praye
But at the cyte of maryle
There ye must abyde a whyle
By cable and auncker there to ryde
Me and myn hoost there to abyde
For I and my knyghtes and eke swayne
Wyll wende thorugh out all almayne
To speke with Medarde the kynge
To wete why and for what thyngē
That he me in his pryson helde
And but he my treasour agayne yelde
That he toke of me with fasshede
I shall acquyte hym his mede

Now thynketh Rycharde as I wene
Or he fether goth auenged to bene
Thus kynge Rycharde as ye may here
Became goddes palmere
Ayenst his enenys
The archebysshop syr bawdemys
Before wente with knyghtes fyue
By boudes and by constantyue
At the last there afterwarde
Came the doughty kynge Rychrde
Kynge Rycharde called his Justyse
Lo ye do at my deuyse
My londe kepe with skyll and lawe
Craytors loke ye hange and drawe
In my stede shall ye be here
The bysshop of Yorke my chauncelere
I wyll it be at his wyll
To werke after ryght and skyll
That I here after here no stryfe
As ye wyll saue my lyfe
And in name of god almyght
I bydde you rule the poore a ryght
There they helde vp theyr honde
With ryght to rule all Englonde
The bysshop them gaue his blesyng
And bad for them in chyrche to synge
And prayed Ihesu cryste hym sped
In heuen to quyte hym his meve
Thre hoostes kynge Rycharde let make
To hethenesse for goddes sake
In the fornest warde he wolde be
With hardy men of grete poste

Kynge R.



E.i.

That other ledeth fouke dolp
Thomas the thyrde certaynly
And euery hoost gan wic hym lede
Fourty thousande good at nede
None therin but men of myght
That were proude in warre to fyght
Whan they were passed the se
Sone he deled his hoost in thre
For he wolde not the folke anoye
He theyt goodes not dystroye
He no thyng take without paye
The kynge commaunded also I saye
Euery hoost from other ten myle
Thus he ordeyned that wyle
In the myddell hym to ryde
And his hoostes abothe syde
Forth he wente with gladde chere
Thorough londes ferre and nere
Tyll they caine without ensayne
Unto the cyte of coloyne
The hygh mayre of that cyte
Commaunded as I tell the
That no man sholde sell hym bytayle
For no thyng that myght auayle
The steward tolde Rycharde the kynge
Soone anone of that tydynge
That he ne myght no bytayle bye
Ne yther for loue ne for monye
Thus defended Hedarde the kynge
For he the hatreth ouer all thyng
And well he woteth that ye haue swore
All that ye take for to paye soze

Ye wyll take with no maystry
Therefore he weneth sykely
That ye ne shall haue mete none
Thus he weneth thy men to stōne
Kynge Rycharde sayd also hym thoughts
That he ne shall lette vs nought
Hete warde. I commaunde the
Bye vs vesseil grete plente
Dysshes cuppes and sawcers
Bolles trowes and platters
Fattes cowles and costrelles
Make our mete without les
Whether ye wyll sethe or bake bredē
And to poore men so god you rede
That ye fynde in all the towne
That they come to mete at my sommowne
Whan the mete was dressed and dyghts
The kynge commaunded to a knyghts
After the meyte for to wende
And other barons good and hende
Anone they were to the boorde set
And fayre seruyce before them fel
Kynge Rycharde asked in hyenge
Syr meyre wher is thy lordē the kynge
Syr he sayd at gonooye
Sykerly without lye
And also my lady the quene
The thyrde daye ye shall them sene
And margery his doughter fre
That of thy comyng blythe wyll be
They wylle as it is lawe in lande
A messenger there came dryuande

Kynge R.



C.ii.

Upon a stede whyte as mylke
All I trapped in tuly sylke
With fyue hondred belles ryngynge
He came full merly syngynge
And downe of his stede he alyght
And grette kynge Rycharde aplyght
The kynges doughter that is so fre
She the greteth well by me
With an hondred knyghtes and mo
She cometh or ye to bedde go
Kynge Rycharde sayd hyenge
She is welcomme ouer all thynge
He made at ease the messengere
With glad semblaunt and merychere
And gaue hym a clothe of golde
for he was with his lady withholden
They came to hym that same nyght
The knyghtes and that lady bryght
Whan kynge Rycharde myght her se
Welcomme leman than sayd he
Eyther other began to kysse
And made moche joye and blysse
There they leste tyll it was daye
On the morowe they wente theyr waye
And at myddaye before the none
They came before a cyte ryght soone
The name was hyght marchurent
There the kynge Rycharde moost lent
Soone his stewarde came hym to
Hyc he sayd how shail we do
Suche bytayll as I bought yesterdag
for no golde gete it I ne may

Kynge Rycharde sayd with herte fre
Of fruyte here is grete plente
Fygges and reysvns in frayle
And nuttes may serue vs rather than fayle
And were somdele cast thereto
Calowe and grece I meddled also
And thus ye may our mete make
Sythe that we may none other take
There they dwelled all that nyght
On the morowe to wende as it was ryght
Unto the cyte of carpentras
There kynge Medarde hym selfe was
For there myght he hym flee noughe
Thorugh the londe he had hym sought
The kynge wiste Rycharde was come
Well he wende to ben I nonie
And in pryson ay to be
But yf my doughter helpe me
She came to hym there he sat
What now fader what is that
Certes doughter I gete blame
But thou me helpe I gete shame
Certes syr she sayd than
As I am gentylwoman
Yf ye wyll be mylde of mode
Kynge Rycharde shall do you but good
But graunte me with good wyll
That he wyll saye to fulfyll
And you in his mercy dothe
And he you kysse shall without othe
And also my lady the quene
Good frendes shall ye bene

Kynge R.



C.iii.

She toke her fader and with hym yede
To kynge Rycharde as I you rede
And eke erles and barons mo
And fyfth knyghtes eke also
Kynge Rycharde sawe how that he came
Fayre ayenst hym the waye he name
Kynge Medarde on knees hym sette
And kynge Rycharde there he grette
And sayd I am at thy wyll
Quod Rycharde I wyll nought but skyll
But so thou yelde agayne my tresore
I shall the loue euer more
Loue the and be thy frende
Quod kynge Medarde my sone hende
I shall the swere vpon a boke
Redy is that I of the toke
And yf thou wylte moche more
Of myne owne tresore
I wyll the gyue my peas to make
Kynge Rycharde gan hym in armes take
And kyste hym many tymes sythe
They were frendes and made blythe
That euery daye kynge Medarde
Ete with kynge Rycharde
And after mete soone and swythe
Kynge Rycharde spake with chere blythe
To the kynge that late hym by
Welcome be ye sykerly
Syr for loue I praye the
Of thy helpe to wende with me
To hethenes without fayle
For goddes loue to gyue batayle

The kynge graunted all in gryth
And all his realme to wende hym with
And my selfe syr therto
Saye quod Rycharde I wyll not so
Thou arte to olde to beker in fyght
I praye the that thou me dyght
An hondred knyghtes stysse to stonde
Of the best in thy londe
For a yere that it be done
And of bytayll redy wone
And squyers that fall them to
The kynge graunted that to do
Another thynge I shall the gyue
That may the helpe whyle thou lyue
Two ryche rynges of golde
The stones therin ben full olde
Fro hens to the londe of ynde
Better shalte thou none fynde
For who that hath that one stone
Water ne shall hym drowne none
That other stone who so it hathe
Fyre ne shall hym do no skathe

How the kynge of fraunce
betrayed kynge Rycharde.

Quod kynge Rycharde syr graniere
His knyghtes were all redy
Sergeautes of armes and squyers
Stedes I charged and destrys.
With armes and with other bytayle
Kynge Rycharde wente forth w his apparayle
Kynge R. X E.iii.

Towarde marcell he gan ryde
With his hoost on eyther syde
Souke doly and Thomas of multon
With erles dukes & many a bolde baron
Rychardes mayster Roberte of leycester
In Englondre was none his better
And also syc Roberte of turname
Moche englyssh people with hym came
And redy they founde theyr flete
Charged with armure drynke and mete
They shyppep armure man and stede
And other store folke to fede
They shyppep all by the sec stronde
To wende in to the holy londe
The wynde was hothe good and kene
And droue them ouer in to mescene
Before the gates of the gryffons
Kynge Rycharde pyght his pauylpons
The kynge of fraunce there he founde
In pauylpons square and rounde
And eyther of them kyste other
And became sworne brother
To wende in to the holy londe
To wreke Ihesu I vnderstonde
A treason thought the kynge of fraunce
To do kynge Rycharde dystaunce
To kynge Tanker he sente a wytte
That tourned hym to lytell wytte
The kynge Rycharde with strength of honde
Woide hym haue dryuen out of his londe
Tanker kynge of puyle was
For this wytte he layd alas

He sente anone his messenger
To his sone that hyght Roger
That was kynge of Cysyle londe
He sholde come to his honde
And sente after his barownes
Erles and lordes of renownes
And whan they were comen euerychone
The kynge sayd to them anone
And tolde how the kynge of Fraunce
Had hym warned of a dystaunce
Kynge Roger spake fyrti aboue
And smote peas with his gloue
Mercy my fader at this tyme
Kynge Rycharde is a pylgryme
And crossed in to the holy londe
That wryte lyeth I vnderstonde
I dare for kynge Rycharde were
That he never thought you to fere
But sende to hym a messengere
That he come unto you here
He wyll come to you full soone
And his thought he wyll tell you anone
The kynge was glad of that counsayle
And sente after hym without fayle
On the moro we he came to hym I wrys
In to the ryche cyte of thys
And founde kynge Tanker in his hall
Amonge his erles and barons all
Eyther gret te other in fayre maner
With mylde wordes and debonet
Than sayd Tanker to kynge Rycharde
Lo syr kynge by saynt Le quarde

It is done me for to wytte
Of a frende here ryght well wrytte
That thou arte come with grete powere
for to reue me of my londes here
Thou were fayre to be a pylgrym
for to flee many a paynyng
Than for to greue a crysten kynge
That never the mysdyde no thyng
Kynge Rycharde was soze asshamed
And also of his wordes agrimed
And sayd Tamer thou arte my stoughht
for to haue this in thy thought
And suche a rage on me to bere
That I the sholde with armes dere
Suche a treason on me to touche
And on my flesche I bere the crouche
I ne wyll dwell here but a daye
To morowe I wyll wende my waye
And I praye the syr Tamer kynge
Procure me none euyll thyng
For many men weneth to greue other
And on his heed falleth the fother
For who so mayteth me despyte
Hym selfe shall nought passe quyte
Syr quod Tamer he not wrothe for this
Lo here are the letter forso the Iwys
That the kynge of fraunce me sente
That other daye in presente
Kynge Rycharde sawe & vnderstode
The kynge of fraunce wolde hym no gode
Kynge Rycharde and kynge Tamer kyste
And were frendes with the beste

That myght be in ony londe
I loued be Ihesu crystes sonde
Kynge Rycharde wente agayne well styll
And suffred the frensshe kynges wyll
He vndyde his tresore
And bought hym bestes to his store
He let bothe salte and slene
Thre thoulante of oxen and kene
Swyne and shepe so many also
No man coude tell tho
And of fylshe foules and venyson
I ne can nougnt acccount in ryght reason
The kynge of fraunce without wene
Laye in the cyte of messene
And kynge Rycharde without the wall
Under the house of the hospytall
The englysshe men wente to shypynge
And ofte hente harde knockynge
The frensshe and gryffons dowe ryghtes
Slewe there out englysshe knyghtes
Kynke Rycharde herde of that dystaunce
And playned to the kynge of fraunce
And he answered he had no wardes
Of the englysshe taylordes
Chas2 thy gryffons yf thou myght
For of my men getest thou no ryght
Quod kynge Rycharde syth it is so
I wote well what I haue to do
I shall me of them so awreke
That all the worlde therof shall speke
Cristmasse is a tyme full honeste
Kynge Rycharde it honoured with grete faste

All his clerkes and barons
Were set in theyr pauplyongs
And serued with grete plente
Of mete and dynke and eche deynce
Than came there a knyght in grete haste
Unneth he myght drawe his blaste
He fell on knees and thus he sayd
Mercy Rycharde for Mary mayde
With the frensshe men and the griffownes
My brother lyeth slayne in the townes
And with hym lyeth slayne fyftene
Of thy knyghtes good and kene
This daye and yesterdaye I tolde arowne
That syre and thyrti they had I lowe
Faste lesseth your englyssh hepe
Good syr take good kepe
A wreke vs syr manly
Or we shall hastely
Slee peryll I vnderstonde
And tourne agayne to eng'onde
Kynge Rycharde was wrothe & eger of mode
And began to stare as he were wode
The table with his fote he smote
That it wente on the erth fote hote
And swore he wolde be awrecked in haste
He wolde not wende for crystes faste
The hygh daye of crystmasse
They gan them arme moze and lasse
Before wente kynge Rycharde
The erle of salsbury afterwarde
That was called by that daye
Syr Wylliam the longe spaye

The erle of leylstre the erle of herdsorde
full comly folowed they theyt loyde
Erles barons and squyers
Bowmen and arblasteres
With kyng Rycharde they gan reke
Of frenshe and gryffons to be awake
The folke of that cyte aspyed rathe
That englyshe men wolde do them skathe
They shette hastely the gate
With barres that they founde therate
And swythe they ranne on the wall
And shotte with bowe and spryngall
And called our men saunce fayle
Awye dogges with your tayle
For all your boost and yonc orguyle
Men shall threste in your cuple
Thus they mylde and myllayde
All that daye kyng Rycharde they trayde
Our kyng that daye for no nede
In batayll myght no thyngc sped
On a nyght kyng Rycharde & his barons
Wente to theyr pauylous
Who that slepte or who that woke
That nyght kyng Rycharde no rest toke
On the morowe he of sente his counsaylers
Of the portes the mayster maryners
Lordynges he layd ye ben with me
Your counsayll ought for to be prys
All we sholde vs venge fonde
With queyntyle and with strength of honde
Of frenshe and of gryffons
That haue dyspyssed our nacyons

I haue a castell I vnderstonde
Is made of tembre of Englonde
With syre stages full of tourelles
Well flourysched with cornelles
Therin I and many a knyght
Ayenst the frensshe shall take the syght
That castell shall haue a soray nom
It shall byght the mate gryffon
Maryners arme your shypes
And do vp your manshypes
By the water halfe ye them assayle
And we wyll by londe saunce fayle
For come ye never to me
Cvil I of them a wicked be
Therto men myght here crye
Helpe god and saynt Mary
The maryners gan to hye
Bothe with shyppe and with galye
Syth ore spredde and sayle also
Towarde hem they gan go
The knyghtes framed the tre castell
Before the cyte vpon an hyll
All this sawe the kynge fraunce
And sayd haue ye no doutaunce
Of all these englysshe cowardes
For they ne be but lcsardes
But reyse vp your mangenell
And caste to theyr tre castell
And shote to them with arblast
The tayled dogges for to agast
Now harken of Rycharde our kynge
How he let bere in the dawnynge

Terges and hardes his folke all
Ryght before the cyte wall
His hoost he let at ones crye
Men myght it here in the skye
Now let come the frensshe losardes
And gyue batayll to the taylardes
Ye frensshe men them armed all
And ranne on fast vpon the wall
And began the englysshe for to assayle
There began a stonge batayle
The englysshe shotte with arblast & bowe
Frensshe and gryffons felde and slowe
The galeys came vnto the cyte
And had nygh wonne entred
And harde myned vnder the wall
That many gryffons gan downe fall
With hoked arowes and eke quarelles
Helde them out of the tourelles
And brake bothe legges and armes
And eke theyr neckes it was none harmes
The frensshe men came to the stoure
And caste wylde fyre out of the toure
Wherwith I wote forsothe Jwys
They brente and slewe many englysshe
And the englysshe men defended them welee
With good swerdes of browne stele
And slewe of them so grete chepes
That there laye moche folke on hepes
And at the londe gate kyng Rycharde
Helde his assawte iyye harde
And so manly he toke one
He leste of his men never one

He loked besyde and saue houe
A knyght that tolde hym with a gloue
Kynge Rycharde and he hym tolde
Tales in Englysshe stoute and bolde
A lord he sayd I aspye now ryght
A thynge that maketh myn herte lyght
Here he sayd is a gate one
That hath warde ryght none
The folke is gone to the water tourte
For to do them theyr socoure
And there we may without dente
Entre in now verament
Blythe therof was kynge Rycharde
Stoutly he wente theder warde
Many a knyght doughty of dede
After prycked vpon theyr stede
Kynge Rycharde entred without drede
Hym folowed full grete ferhede
His baner vpon the wall he pulte
Many a gryffon it byhulte
As greyhoudes stryken out of lese
Kynge Ryeharde threste amonge the prest
Seuen chaynes with his good swerde
Our kynge for carfe a mydwarde
That were drawen for grete doute
Within the gates and without
Porcules and gates vp he wan
And lette come in euery man
Men myght se by strete and lane
Frensshe and gryffons gaue bane
And some to horse ran in haste
Dores and wyndowes barred faste

And euer men bare them vp with leours
And slewe them with grete bygours
All that they founde a yenst them stonde
Passed thorough dethes honde
They brake cofers and toke tresours
Golde and syluer and countours
Jewelles stones and spycery
All that they founde in tresoury
There was none of englyshe blode
That he ne had as moche gode
As they wolde drawe or bere
To shyppe or to pauylpons I swere
And euer cryed kynge Rycharde
Slee downe euery frenshe cowarde
And ken them in bataylles
That ye haue no tayles
The kynge of fraunce came p̄ryckynge
A yenst Rycharde our kynge;
And fell on knees downe of his hors
And bad mercy for goddes corps
For the crowne and for the loue
Of Ihesu cryste kynge aboue
And for the vyage and for the crose
He sholde be in gree and take lose
And he wolde haue honde take
They sholde amende all the wraek
They that had hym or his
Ony thynge done amys
Kynge Rycharde had grete pyte
Of the kynge of fraunce that sat on kene
And lyght downe so sayth the boke
And in his armes vp hym toke

Kynge R.



f.i.

And sayd it sholde be peas stylle
And yelde the twone all to his wylle
And bad hym noughe greue hym tho
Though he venged hym of his fo
That had his good knyghtes quelde
And eke on hym despyte Atelwe
The kynge of fraunce gan to preche
And bad Rycharde be his soules leche
And the tresoure yelde agayne than
That he had take of euery man
And elles he ne myght in goddes paye
To Iherusalem take the waye
Kynge Rycharde sayd with theyr tresoure
They myght noughe amende the dyshonoure
And that they haue done me or this
And syr also thou dyde amys
Whan thou sentest to Tanker the kynge
To appayre me with thy lesynge
We haue to Iherusalem the waye sworne
Who breketh our pylgrymage he is forlorne
Or he that maketh ony medlaye
Bytwene vs two in this waye
Whan abbatred was that dystaunce
There came two Justyses of fraunce
Upon two stedes ryde
And kynge Rycharde they gan chyde
That one was hyght Margarete
That other syr Hawe Impetyte
Swythe soore they hym trayde
Cleped taylarde and myssayde
Kynge Rycharde helde a tronchon tewe
And to them two he hym drew

Margaryte he gaue a dente than
Aboue the eye vpon the pan
The skull brake with that dente
The ryght eye fleshe out quytamente
And he fell downe deed in haste
He we of Impetyte was a gaste
And prycked awaie without fayle
And Rycharde was soone at his tayle
And gaue hym a stroke on the molde
That deed he thought be he sholde
Ternes and quernes he gaue hym there
And sayd syr thus thou shalte lere
To myslare thy ouerhelynge
Go playne now to your frensshe kyng
An archebysshop came full soone
He fell on knees and badde a bone
Of kyng Rycharde he had his grace
That he wolde leue his stryfe in that place
And there no moze harme do
For goddes loue the people to
Kyng Rycharde graunted them
And drewe to pauylon all his men
To this daye men may here speke
How the englysshe were there awakte
All the whyle that they were there
They myght well bye theyr chafere
There was none so hardy a man
That one euyll worde spake gan

How thre of kyng Rychardes shypes
Were perylshed in the see / and how the emperour
Put his men in pryson

Kynge R.



f.ii.



Ryng Rycharde in peas and reste
fro crystmasse the hygh feste
Dwelld there tyll after the lente
And than on his waye he wente
In marche moneth the kynge of Fraunce
Wente to shyppe without dystaunce
Whan he was gone soone afterwarde
Came the doughty kynge Rycharde
Forth towarde Accys wende he wolde
With moche store of syluer and golde
Four shypes were charged I fande
Towarde Cyprys all saylande
Charged with tresour euery dell
And soone a sorowfull caas there fell
A grete tempest arose sondaynly
That lasted fyue dayes syketly

It brake theyr maste and theyr oxe
And theyr takell lesse and more
Anker bothe sprette and rother
Ropes cordes one and other
And were in poynt to synke a dolwe
As they came ayenst the lymosowne
The thre shypes ryght anone
All to brake ayenst the stome
All to peces they to tare
Unneth the folke sauued ware
The maryners vnneth it with helde
That shyppe lefte in the chelde
For the pryspons with sharpe wordes
Some with axes and some with swerde
Grete slaughter of our englyssh he maked
And spoyled the quycke all naked
Syxtene hondred they brought on lyue
And in to pryslon hondredes syue
And also naked syxty score
As they were of theyr moders boze
Of the shypes brekyng they were blythe
The Justyses of Cyprys ran full swythe
And drewe vp cofers many folde
Full of syluer and of golde
Dylshes cuppes braches and rynges
Cuppes of golde and ryche thynges
No man by south ne by noorth
He coude account what it was worth
And all was loyne that tresour
Wheder that wolde the emperour
The thyrde daye after warde
The wynde came dryuyng kynge Rycharde

Kynge R.

¶

f. iii.

With all his grete nauyes
And his saylynge galves
To a shyppe that stode in depe
The gentylmen therin dyde wepe
And whan they sawe Rycharde the kynge
Theyr wepynge tourned ail to laughynge
They welcomed hym with worshyppes
And tolde hym the brekyng of theyr shyppes
And the robbery of his tresoure
And all that other dyshonoure
Than waxed kynge Rycharde full wrothe
And he swore a full grete othe
By Ihesu cryste our sauoure
It sholde abyte the emperoure
He cleped syr Steuen and Wyllyam
And also Roberte of turnam
Thre gentyll barons of englonde
Wyse of speche doughty of honde
Now go and saye to the emperoure
That he yelde agayne my tresoure
Or I swere by saynt Denys
I wyll haue thre syth bouble of his
And yelde my men out of pryon
And for the deed paye taunson
Or hasteyl I hym warne
I wyll worke hym a harme
Bothe with spere and with launce
Anone I shall take vengance
The messengers anone forth wente
To do theyr lordes comandement
And hendly sayd theyr message
The emperoure began to rage

He grunte his tethe and faste blewe
A knyfe after syr Roberte he threwe
He blente awaye with a lepe
And it fleshe in a doze a span depe
And syth he cryed as uncourteys
Out taylatdes of my paleys
Now go and saye your tayled kynge
That I owe hym no thynge
I am full gladde of his loye
I wyl hym yelde none other answore
And he shal fynde me to morowe.
At the hauen to do hym sorowe
And weire hym as moche wrake
As his men that I haue take
The messengers wente out full swythe
Of theyc ascapyng they were blythe
The emperours stewarde with honoure
Said thus vnto the emperoure
Syr he said thou hast vnyght
Thou haddest alnoost slayne a knyght
That is messenger vnto a kynge
The best vnder the sonne shynynge
Thou hast thy selte tresour grete plente
If thou it withhelde it were grete pyte
For he is crossed and pylgrym
And all his men that ben with hym
Lette hym do his pylgrymage
And kepe thy selfe frome domage
The eyen twynkled of the emperoure
And smyled as an euyll traytoure
His knyfe he drewe out of his shethe
Therewith to do the stewarde scathe

Kynge R.



S. ill,

And called hym without fayle
And sayd he wolde hym accounsayle
The stewarde on knees hym set a downe
With the emperour soz to rowne
And the emperour of euyll trusste
Carued of his nose by the gruste
And sayd traytour these stewarde
Go playne to englysshe taylarde
And yf he come on my londe
I shall hym do suche a shonde
Hym and all his men quycke slayne
But he in haste courne agayne
The stewarde his nose hente
I wys his bysage was I shente
Quyckely out of the castell ran
Leue he ne toke of no man
The messengers mercy he cryed
For Mary es loue in that tyde
They sholde tell to theyr lordre
Of the dyshonour ende and worde
And haste you agayne to londe
And I shall sele in to your houde
The keyes of euery toure
That oweith that fals emperoure
And I shall brynge hym this nyght
The emperours daughter bryghe
And also an hondred knyghtes
Stoute in batayll stronge in fyghtes
Ayenst that fals emperoure
That hath done bo this dyshonoure
The messengers them hyed harde
Tyll they came to kyng Rycharde

They founde kynge Rycharde playe
At the chesse in his galaye
The erle of rychemonde with hym played
And Rycharde wan all that he layed
The messengers tolde all the dyshonour
That them dyde the emperour
And the desperte he dyde his ste warde
In the desperte of kynge Rycharde
And the ste warde presentyng
His byhest and his helpyng
Than answered kynge Rycharde
In dede lyon in thought lybarde
Of your sawes I am blythe
Anone set vs to londe swythe
Agrete crye arose fote hote
Out was shotte many a bote
The bowe men and eke the arblasters
Armed them at all auenters
And shotte quarelles and eke flone
As thycke as the hayle stome
The folke of the countre gan renne
And were fayne to voyde and fleune
The barons and good knyghtes
After came anone ryghtes
With theyr lordes kynge Rycharde
That never was founde no cowarde

How kynge Rycharde gaue batayll to
the emperour / & How þe emperour fledde
awaye for fere that he had / & there was
slayne many of the emperours folke / and
after that he wente streyght to Acrys

Kynge R.



G.i.



Unge Rycharde I vnderstonde
Dz he wente out of Englond
Let hym make an axe for the nones
To breke therwith þ Sarasyns bones
The heed was wrought ryght wele
þerin was twenty pounde of steele
And whan he came in to Cyprys londe
The axe toke in his honde
All that he hytte he all to frapped
The gryffons a waye faste rapped
Neuertheles many one he claud
And theyr vnthonkes therby leued
And the pyson whan he caine to
With his axe he smote ryght tho
Dores berres and Iren charnes
And delyuered his men out of pernes

He let them all delyuer c'oth
for theyr despyte he was wroth
And swore by Ihesu our sauydoure
He sholde abyde that fals emperoure
All the bурgeyses of the towne
Kynge Rychardz let flee without raunsowne
Theyr tresour and theyr meles
He toke to his owne deles
Tydylnges came to the emperour
Kynge Rycharde was in lymasour
And had his bурgeyses to deth I do
No wonder though hym were wo
He sente anone without fayle
After all his counsayle
That they came to hym on hye
To wreke hym of his enemye
His hoost was come by mydnyght
And redy on the morowe for to fyght
Herken now of the stewarde
He came at nyght to kynge Rycharde
And the emperours doughter hym with
She grette kynge Rycharde in peas & gryth
She fell on knees and gan to wepe
And sayd kynge Rycharde god the kepe
The stewarde sayd I am shente for the
Gentyll lord a wreke thou me
The emperours doughter bryght
I the betake gentyll knyght
The keyes also in batayll here
Of euery castell in his powere
An hondred knyghtes I you behyght
Lo them here redy in all ryght

Kynge R.



G. II.

That shall you lede and socoure
Agynst that fals emperoure
Thou shalte be bothe lord and syre
Or to morowe of his empyre
And swete syr without fayle
Yet the behoueth my counsayle
I shall the lede by a coost
Bynuely vpon his hoost
In his pauylion ye shall hym take
Than thynke vpon the moche wrake
That he hath done the or this
Though ye hym sice no force it is
Moche thanked kynge Rycharde
Of the counsayll the stewarde
And swore by god our sauoure
His nose shalde be bought well soure
Ten hondred stedes good and sure
Kynge Rycharde let araye in trappure
On eueryche lepte an englysshe knyght
Well arm'd in armure bryght
And as the stewarde applyght
Ladde them by the mone lyght
Sonlygh the emperours pauylione
Of the turnippette he herde swone
It was before the Dawnyng
The stewarde sayd to Rycharde the kynge
Lette se Rycharde assayle yerne
The pauylion with the golden her ne
therin lyeth the emperour
Awake thou this dyshonour
Than was Rycharde as fresshe to fyght
As euer was foule to the fyght

He pycked forth vpon his stede
Hym folowed full grete ferrede
His axe he helde in honde I dralwe
Many gryffons he hath I slawe
The waytes of that hoost that dyde aspye
And full loude began they for to crye
We betrayed and I nome
Horse and harneys lordes all and some
In an euyll tyme our emperour
Robbed kynge Rycharde of his tresour
for he is here amonge vs
And sleeth downe ryght by Ihesus
The englysshe knyghtes for the nones
All to hewed the gryffons bodyes & bones
They smote the cordes and fell downe
Of many a ryche pauylowne
And euer cryed squyer and knyght
Smyte lay on flee downe ryght
yelde the tresour ayenwarde
That ye toke from kynge Rycharde
ye ben worthy to haue suche mede
With many wouudes to lye and blede
In the emperours pauylon kynge Rycharde
Alyght so dyde the stewarde
And the emperour was fledde awaye
Hym selfe alone or it was daye
Flownen was that fals cowarde
Marowe hym sought kynge Rycharde
Longe or the daye began to dawe
In enty thousande gryffons were I slawe
Of sylike sendell and syclaton
Was the emperours pauylon

Kynge R.



G.iii.

In the Worlde neuer none syche
Ne by moche thynge so ryche
Kynge Rycharde wan the grete worshyp
And bad they sholde be lad to shyp
Suche at Acrys was there none founde
Dauylpons of so moche mounde
Cuppes of golde grete and smale
He wan there without tale
Many cofers small and grete
He founde there full I bete
Two stedes founde the kynge Rycharde
That one hygh fauell and that other lyardre
In the Worlde was not theyr pece
Dromedary nor destrete
Stede rabyte ne camayle
That ran so swyfte without fayle
For a thousande pounde I tolde
Sholde not that one be soldre
All that his men before had loze
Seuen double they had therfore
Tydynge to the emperour was come
That his doughter was I nome
And how that his hygh stewarde
Her had delyuered to kynge Rycharde
By that he wiste well I wyps
That he had done amys
Two messengers he clyped anone
And bad them to kynge Rycharde gone
And saye your emperour and your kynge
That I hym sende goddes gretyng
Homage by yere I wyll hym gyue & yelde
And all my londe I wyll of hym helde

So that he wyll for charyte
In peas here after leuz me
The messengers anone forth wente
And sayd theyr lordes comaundemente
Kynge Rycharde answered thereto
I graunte well that it be so
Go and sayd your emperour
That he dyde grete dyshonour
Whan he robbed pylgrymes
That were goyng to the paynymes
Let hym yelde me my tresour euery dele
Yf he wyll be my spacyele
And all that saye your emperour
That he amende that dyshonour
That he dyde to his steward
In desppte of kynge Rycharde
And that he come erly to morowe
And crye me mercy with sorowe
Homage by pere me to bere
And elles by my crowne I swere
He shall not haue a fote of londe
Neuer moze but of my honde
The niessengers by one accorde
Tolde this the emperour theyr lord
Than the emperour was full wo
That he this dyde sholde do
To kynge Rycharde he came on the morowe
In his herte he had moche sorowe
He fell on knees so sayth the boke
Kynge Rycharde by bothe the fete he toke
And cryed mercy with good entent
And he forgaue hym his maltalement

Kynge R.

¶

G. III.

Fewte he dyde hym and homage
Before all his baronage
That daye they were at one accorde
And in same dyde ete at one borde
Grete solace and moche playe
Togider they were all that daye
And whan it drewe towarde the eue
The emperour toke his leue
And wente towarde his hostell
In herte hym was nothyng well
He helde hym selfe a foule cowarde
That he dyde homage to kynge Rycharde
And thought how he hym awreke myght
Forth he rode anone ryght
To a cyte that hyght bosenent
He came by daye verament
There he founde many a grete syre
The ryche st men of his empyre
To them playned the emperour
Of the shame and of the dyshonour
That hym dyde kynge Rycharde
Through the helpe of his steward
Up there stode a noble barowne
Ryche of castell and of towne
The stewardes eme he was
That the emperour had shente his fag
Syr he sayd thou arte mystaught
Thou arte all aboute naught
Without encheson and Jugement
Thy good stewarde thou haste I shent
That sholde as he well couthe
Us haue holpe and saued nouthe

Thorugh thy Wyll malycyous
Bryght so thou woldest serue vs
And I saye the wordes holde
With suche a lord kepe I not holde
To fyght ayenst Rycharde the kynge
The best vnder the sonne shynynge
Ne none of all my baronage
Ne shall the never do homage
All the other sayd at one word
That Rycharde was theyr kynde lord
And the emperour for his vylanye
Was well worthy for to abyde
The emperour sawe and vnderstode
His barons wold hym no gode
To another towne he wente & helde hym thare
In his herte he had moche care
That same tyme the hygh stewarde
Counseylled with kynge Rycharde
He sayd that hym forthought soore
That the emperour was so forloore
They sought hym in all wyse
And founde hym in a cyte of prysle
And certaynly kynge Rycharde
Wolde no loue to hym warde
For he had broken his treuth
Of hym had he no reuth
But let a sergeant hym bynde
His hondes soone hym behynde
And caste hym in to a galley
And ledde hym in to surrey
And swore by Ihesu that made mone & sterre
Ayenst the sarasynes he sholde lerne to werr

Whan all this warre abated was
Kynge Rycharde set that londe in peas
The elre of leycestre full truly
Thorugh counseyl of his barony
He made hym stewarde of that londe
To kepe his realme to his honde
Grete feest they helde afterwarde
His shypes let dyght kynge Rycharde
Forth towarde Acrys he wolde
With moche store of syluer and golde
With two hondred shypes I fynde
Saylynge for warde with the wynde
And afterwarde fyfty galyes
For to warde his nauyes
And as the doughty kynge Rycharde
Came saylynge to Acrys warde
And had sayled with wynde at wyll
Ten dayes fayre and styll
The alleuenth daye they sayled in tempest
That nyght ne daye had they no rest
And as they were in auenture
They a sawe dromonde without mesure
The dromonde was so heuy of fraught
Unneth myght it sayle aught
He was towarde the sarasynes
Charged with corne and with wynes
With wylde fyre and other bytayle
Kynge Rycharde them sawe without sayle
He bad one haast trenchmene
And in a galey to wende them nere
And axe whens that they were
And what they haue in chafere

Alyn quyckly and men I no^we
To the dromonde gan rowe
And asked whens they were
And what they had in chafere
Aborde stode vp theyt latemere
And answered alyn trenchemere
With the kyng of fraunce we be saunce fayle
Frome poyle we brynge this bytayle
Amoneth we haue lycn in the see
Towarde Acrys now wende we
Wynde vp sayle quod alyn trenchemere
And sayle we forth the wynde is clere
Say syr he sayd also I fynde
We must nedes come behyn de
For we be so heuy I fraught
Unneth may we sayle naught
Than sayd alyn soone anone
I ne here of you speke but one
But stonde ye vp all in fere
That we myght mo of you here
And knowe your token after than
For we wyll not leue one man
Certes quod the latemere
With no mo spekest thou here
They were to nyght in grete tempest
And now they lye and take theyr rest
Certes quod trenchemere alayne
To kyng Rycharde than wyll I sayne
That ye be all sarasynes
Charged with golde and with wynes
The sarasynes sterre vp all prest
And sayd felowe go do thy best

For kynge Rycharde and his galyes
We wyll not gyue two flyes
The trenchemere began to rowe harde
Tyll he came to kynge Rycharde
And swore to hym by saynt Ihone
It were sarasynes euerychone
That layd our kynge of grete reuowne
That hyght Rycharde curc de lyowne
Of your lawes I am blythe
Let eche man arme them swythe
Sterre thou thy galeg trenchemere
I wyll assayle that pantenere
With myn axe I wyll them assayle
Of sarasynes I wyll not fayle
Anone his axe was to hym brought
His other armes forgate he nought
To hym canie maryners I nowe
Kynge Rycharde bad them fast rowe
Rowe on fast and who is faynte
In euyll water mote he be draynte
They rowed faste and layde to
And songe heuenhowe to mylo
The galeg yede as fast
As quarelles out of arblast
And as the dromonde with the wynde
A galeg came saylynge behynde
And smote hym swythe fast
That the sterne all to brast
The sarasynes were armed wele
Bothe in Iren and in steele
And stode aborde and fought harde
Ayenst the doughty kynge Rycharde

Kynge Rycharde and his knyghtes
Slew the sarasynes downe ryghtes
And they began to wroke them wo
Alwaye there stode vp mo and mo
And rapped on them for the nones
Stronge strokes for with harde stones
Out of the toppe castell on hys
That never was Rycharde his deth so nye
Than came seuen galeys behynde
To that dormonde faste saylynde
Tho stode aborde baron and knyght
To helpe kynge Rycharde for to fyght
A stronge bacayll there began then
Bytwene them and the hechen men
With swerdes spores and darcies kene
Sones quarelles flewe bytwene
As thycke without ony synte
As hayle after thunder dynte
And in the bekerynge that was so harde
In to the dormonde came kynge Rycharde
Whan he was therin with grete haste
He dreised his backe to the maste
With his axe all that he caught
Hastely the deth they caught
Some he hytte on the ballyn
That they all claut to the chyn
And some to the gyrdell stede
And some the to lyppes brede
Some on the necke so hytte he
That they fiewe in to the se
For none armure with stode his axe
No moze than a buyc doth the waxe

The sarasynes as I you tell
Said he was the deuyll of hell
And ouer borde than lepte they
And drowned them selfe I you sey
Sytene hondred there were quelde
But thysty sarasynes he at helde
That they sholde bere wytnes
Of that batayll at Acrys
Kynge Rycharde founde therin faunce fayle
Moche store and grete bytayle
Many barrelles of fyre greges
And many a thousande of bowes turkeys
Hoked arowes and quarelles
He founde there full many barelles
And of whete grete plente
Golde and syluer and eche deynte
Of the tresour had he nought the mounde
That in the dormonde was founde
For it was drowned in the floode
Or halfe uncharged was the gode
Auanced had ben all crystente
Had the dormonde passed the see
And came to Acrys from kynge Rycharde
An hondred wynter there afterwarde
For all the crysten men vnder the sonne
He had not Acrys ben I wonne
And thus kynge Rycharde wan the dormonde
Thorugh goddes helpe and saynt Edmonde

How kynge Rycharde cutte a two a grets
chayne / & how an archebysshop tolde hym
the sorowe that they had suffre afore.



Ryng Kyrcharde after anone ryght
Towarde Accys gan hym dyght
And as he sayled to warde surreye
He was warned of a spye
How the folke of the hethen lawe
Agrete chayne they had I drawe
Quer the hauen of Accys fers
Was fastened to two pyllers
That no shyppe sholde in wynne
Ne tho out that were there in
Therefore seuen yere and more
All crysten kynges laye thore
And with hongre suffre Payne
For lettynge of that same chayne
Whan kynge Kyrcharde herde that tydylng
For Joye his herce began to spryng
And swoze and sayd in his thought
All that ne sholde them kepe noughe

As wylste stronge galeyn he toke
Trenchemere so sayth the boke
And stered the galeyn ryght euern
All mydwarde the hauen
Were the maryners never so wrothe
He made them rowe and sayle bothe
The galeyn yede as swyfte
As ony foule by the lyfte
And kyng Richard that was so good
With his axe afoure the shyppe stode
And whan he came to the chayne
With his axe he smote it at wayue
That all the barons verament
Said it was a noble dente
And for joye of that dede
The cuppes faste aboute yede
With good wyne pymient and clare
And sayled towarde Acrys cyre
Kyng Richard out of his galye
Let cast wylde fyre in to the skye
And the fyrst grekes in to the se
All on a fyre were the
His trumppettes yede in his galye
Men myght it here in to the skye
Trompettes hornes and shalmyse
The see brente all of fyre grekes
Gynnes he had of wonder wyse
Mangenelles of grete quyentyse
Arblast bowe made with gynne
The holy londe therwith to wynne
Over all other bterly
He had a myle of grete maystry

In the myddes of a shyppe to stonde
Suche ne saue they never in no londe
Fourre sayles were therto all newe
Yelowe and grene rede and blewe
With canuas I layde all aboute
full costly within and without
And all within full of fyre
Of torches made of weye clere
Overthwarte and enblonge
With spryngelles of fyre they dyde honde
Grounde they neyther corne ne good
But robbed as they were wood
Out of theyr eyen came rede blode
Before the trough one there stode
That all in blode was begone
Suche another was never none
And hornes he had vpon his hede
The sarasynes of hym had grete drede
For the robbing of the stones
They wende it had ben mennes bones
For it was within the nyght
They were a grysed of that syght
And sayd he was the deuyll of hell
That was come them to quell
Alytell before the lyght of the daye
Clenly they were done awye
Kynge Rycharde after the meruayle
Wente quyckly to londe faunce fayle
The kynge of fraunce ayenst hym came
And in his harneys he hym name
Rycharde kyssed hym with grete honour
So dyde euery kynge and emperour

Kynge R.



H.L.

All the kynges of crystente
That had there longe be
And longe had layne in dolour
Underfonde Rycharde with honour
An archebysshop of grete prylle
Dyde kyng Rycharde his seruyce
And syth ledde hym as ye may se
In to a pauylyon of preuyte
And tolde hym there a dolefull tale
Of a shrewde many and fale
Now he sayd kyng Rycharde There
This syege hath lasted seuen yere
It may not be let for thy
Moche sorow we haue we suffred sykerly
For he had no castell
That vs of on y warde fell
But a wyde dyche and a depe
We made vs within to kepe
With barbycanes for the nones
Hye I wrought with harde stones
Whan the dyche was I made
Salandyn the sowdan was glade
And came on vs with grete route
And beset vs all aboute
And with hym markys feraunt
That lyueth on mahowne and termagaunt
He was a crysten kyng some whyle
He hath done vs more shame & gyle
Than the sowdan and his hoost
The fader and sone and holy goost
Graunte hym grace of worldes shame
Markys feraunt by his name

Our fyrt batayll se kerly
That was stronge and deedly
Well fought our cristen knyghtes
And slewe the sarasynes downeryghtes
Our cristen had the maystry
The sarasynes fledde with soray crye
We slewe many of them tho
And they of vs many also
I shall tell you of what case
To many a man it fell alas
As we dyde sarasynes to dede
It befell a noble stede
Out raged fro a paynymi
The cristen fast folowed hym
The sarasynes sawe where we came
And fledde asyde all than
And caine ayenst vs with stronge fyght
And slewe many a cristen knyght
And there we lost or we wyste
The best bodyes vnder criste
The erle feres of Englonde
There was never doughtyer of honde
And the emperour of almayne
And Ianyng the erle of spayne
Twelue thousande of our meyne
There was slayne with grete pyte
Therof was the sowdan glade
On the morowe a newe sawte he made
And he let take all the cozgs
Bothe of deed men and of horzgs
And cast them in to our well
Us to poysou and to quell

Bynge R.

H. II.

Dyde he never a worse dede
To crysten men for no nedē
For that poysōn and that bretē
Fourty thousande toke theyr dethe
Soone after it was not to hyde
The thyde case vs gan betyde
A shyppe came saylynge on the see
Charged with whete grete plente
And wylde fyre and armure bryght
To helpe the sarasynes to fyght
Our crysten toke the rede saunce fayle
That they wolde the shyppe assayle
And so we dyde to our domage
The wynde blewe fast with grete rage
The sarasynes drewe vp theyr sayle
And ouerlayled vs without fayle
There we lost fourty score
That hath vs greued swythe soze
On saynt James eyn verament
The sarasynes out of Acrys went
And pyght pauylpons grete and wynde
For to haue begyled vs that tyde
Our crysten men were wyght
Erle baron squyer and knyght
Sawe the sarasynes had ryches
And we of all good destres
We thought to wyn to our pay
Of that tresour yf that we may
Fyfty thousande theml armed wele
Bothe in Iron and in stelle
And wente forth to batayllynge
The sarasynes sawe theyr comynge

And fledde asyde swythe faste
And our meyne came after in haste
And gan ryde with grete randon
Tyll they came to theyr pauplyon
They founde there felowe rede
Tho we wende they fledde for dреде
We founde therin бреде and wyne
Golde and syluer and bawdекyne
Vessel of syluer ouppes of golde
Moze than we take wolde
Some stode some late downe
And ete and dranke grete foysowne
After mete pauplyons newe
Were with swerdes all to hewe
And charged horses with bytayle
As nyse men sholde without fayle
Golde and syluer they put in males
And bounde them faste with gyrdelles
Whan eche man had his charge
Home ehey wente with spere and targe
The sarasynes sawe theyr wendynge
And came after faste slyngynge
At shorte wordes a grete route
Had beset vs all aboute
Soone the male were downe caste
Ayenst the sarasynes they fought faste
There we loste thousandes sytene
Noble men hardy and kene
This greued vs ryght soze
For we wende all to be loze
But god almyghty heuen kynge
He sente vs soone socourynge

Kynge R.



H. III.

The doughty erle of champayne
And good knyghtes of brytayne
And randulfe the gamyles
Johan neuell and his brother myles
And Bawdewyne a clerke full myry
The archebysshop of Caunterbury
And with them came his neuewe
A noble baron of grete vertewe
Roberte gaunter of englonde
Ayenst the sarasynes for to stonde
And many knyghtes of hongery
And other noble cheuallery
Than helde we a grete batayle
But a harde case befell vs without fayle
At myghelinasse it must be tolde
The weder begau to wexe colde
Tho fell bothe rayne and hayle
And snowe fyue fote widoout fayle
Thonder lyghtnyng & weder toughe
For honger therwith our men it slouge
For honger we lost and colde wyndes
Of our solke thre scoze thousandes
Than we our good hors slowe
Soden and eten the guttes towe
The flesshe was deled for grete deynite
Therof had no man plente
But we ete it without bzedede
To peces we carued the hede
In water we boyled the blode
That vs thought mete full gode
A quarter of whete men vs solde
For thre pounde of floraunce tolde

for fourty pounde men solde an axe
Though it were but lytell I waxe
A swyne for an hondred floryn
A gole for halfe a marke of golde fyne
And for an henne to syke thynges
Men gaue fyue shelynges
And for an egge pens alleuen
And for a pere syxe or seuen
for an appell men gaue pens spre
And thus our folke vnblithe wyxe
And dyed for longer and for wo
The ryche men toke to rede tho
A ryche dole for to dyght
To barons and to many a poore knyght
Twelue pens men eueryche
And syxe to poore that were not ryche
And fourre to euery small wyght
Thus the ryche the poore dyght
 Therwith the more and the lasse
Bought them flesshe of horse and asse
They myght none other thynges gete
They thought it full good mete
I haue the tolde kynge Rycharde here
Of our folke theyr lete
And the domage of Alcrys hoost
But blesyd be the holy goost
And Mary that bare Ihesus
That thou arte amonge vs
Thorough thy helpe I hope well
The sarasynes downe to fell

Chow kynge Rycharde wan the cyte of Alcrys.
Kynge R. ✚ H. III.



Rynge Rycharde wepte w̄ his eyen bothe
And syth sayd he thus forsothe
Syr bysshop I beseeche you praye for vs
That vs myght sende swete Jhesus
His fone all for to dystroye
That they no more vs anoye
Thus Rycharde toke loue & keped his stede
And prycked out that felowrede
He rode aboute the close dyche
Cowarde acrys sykerlyche
Cyll he came co the hospytale
Ofsaynt Johan as I tell by tale
There he let pytche his pauylyon
And let arere vp his matgryffon
That was a tree castell fyne
To gyue assawte to many a sarasyne

That he myght in to Accys sene
He hab. xii. shypes full of bene
Whan the castell was framed well
He lette therin a mangenell
He comaunded his men blyue
To fetche vp been hyue
And byd taberrars & trompettes blowe
To sawte the cyte on a thowre
Kynge Rycharde in Accys cyte
Let cast the hyues grete plente
The wheder was hote in somer tyde
The beest brake out on euery syde
They were agreued full of grame
And dyde the sarasynes moche shame
For they stynched them in the vysage
That they began for to rage
And hydde them in a depe sellere
For they durste not come them nere
They sawe kynge Rycharde was full fell
Whan his flyen bytte so well
Another vp Rycharde gan set
That was cleped Robynet
A stronge gynne for the nones
That cast in to Accys grete stones
The kynge Rycharde the conquerour
Cleped to hym anone his mynour
And them mynde in to the toure
That is cleped mawndytcoloure
He sware his othe by his crowne
But it were brought downe
By none the vttermest wall
He sholde be hewen in peces small

Kynge R.



3.1.

The inyours myned faste
And gonners bente and stones caste
The sprasynes began to arme them all
And ranne in haast vnto the wall
In whyte shetes they gan them wrythen
For bytyng of kyng Rychardes flyen
They sayd this man doth vs grete payne
For he doth bothe thowre and mayne
We sawe neuer kyng thus begynne
It is grete doute leste he vs wynne
Kyng Rycharde stode in his matgryffowne
And sawe there dedes in the towne
Whederwarde the sarasynes dewe
And arowes englysshe to them slewe
Out of acblastes arowes smerte
Thorough lung leissr arme & herte
The frenlsh men with grete noblay
Helped to myne full well that daye
The vttermest wall that daye was downe cast
And many sarasynes slayue at last
That daye Rycharde so well spedde thore
That he was holden for a conquerore
For better he spedde that daye or none
Than all the other in seuen yere had done
The sarasynes myght not endoure
They fledde in to that hye toure
They lyght torches aboute the wall
Men myght se it ouer all
The torches caste grete lyght
That betokened a newe fyght
That was come fro Englond
There thorough they myght not stonde

But yf Salandyn the sowdan
Came to them with men anone
Salandyn was ten myle then
And sawe the torches lyght bren
He let gader his tolke togyder
As thycke as snowe falleth in wynter
They assembled vpon a playne
Belyde Acrys vpon a mountayne
Syxty thousande men I fynde
Cockes of heye he made them bynde
To go before hastelyche
To fyll the crysten dyche
To rescowle Acrys they haue rede
And to do the crysten men to dede
After came barons and knyghtes
Stronge in armes stoute in fyghtes
By order they came in theyr manere
Of rede sendell was theyr banere
With thse gryffons depaynted well
And of asure a fayre bendell
Soone after there came as many mo
Barons rydynge and knyghtes also
Theyr gonfanon and theyr pensell
Was wrought of good sendell
As he faught with a lyon
And in surrey with a dragon
The fyrst were rede and grene
Than came the thyrdde by dene
With syxty thousande knyghtes
In ynde I armed to all ryghtes
After came whyte as onysnowe
Fyfty thousande on a rowe

Kynge R.



3.ii.

There among was Salandyn
And his newe we myrry molendyn
Theyr baners whyte without fable
With thre sarasynes hedes of sable
That were shapen noble and large
Of balyn bothe shelde and targe
No man coude tell the route
They beset the crysten aboute
The fote men cast theyr cothes of heye
To make the hors men redy weye
And fylled the dyche full bpryght
That all the hoost well entred myghe
The sarasynes had entred nye
But god almyghty ther to sye
The crye arose thorough the crysten hoost
Sopes seygnyours for the holy goost
But we haue the better locoute
We be forlorne by saynt sauoure
There ye myght se many a wryght man
That quyckly to his armure ran
And wente anone in to the dyche
And defended it hastelyche
There was many a gentyll hewed
Quyckly from the body take the hewed
Sheldes fell clouen a two
And many a stede stycked also
Many a knyght lost his harnes
And many a stede drewe theyr tharnes
And many a doughty man launce fayle
Was slayne in that batayle
But Rycharde our kyng was seke tho
All crystendome to moche wo

He myght not his body stere
Though his pauylyon had ben in fyze
Thei fore the kynge of fraunce made a crye
Amonge the cristen company
That they ne sholde for dethes doute
Not palle theyr close dyche aboute
But holde them all within
That the sarasynes sholde them not wyn
And tho that were in I come
Of sarasynes they were I nome
And hastely done to dede
For them yede no caunson to mede
Whyle kynge Rycharde so syke lay
The reason I you tell may
For the trauayll of the se
And stronge ayre of that countre
And for vnynde stynke and hete
And mete and drynke was not swete
To his body that he there fonde
As it was in englond
Kynge Rycharde his men bad seche
For som wylle clerke and certayne leche
Cristen or elles sarasyne
For to loke his bryne
And eueryche sayd his adyse
But there was none of thein wylle
That myght his sorowe scle
Of his Payne hym relese
Sory was the folke englyssh
For theyr lordes laye in grete anguyssh
For kynge Rycharde laye so sore syke
All aboute they gan scle

Kynge R.



3.iii.

On knees prayed the crysten host
To the fader and sone and holy goost
Myght and daye with good entent
That Rycharde myght haue amendment
Thorugh the byddynge of our lady dere
Her blesyd sone herde her prayere
Thorugh his grace and vertue
He tourned out of his ague
To mete had he no saour
To wyne ne water ne to no lycous
But after porke he was a longed
Though all his men sholde be honged
They ne myght in that countree
Neyther for golde nor for fee
No porke fynde take ne gete
That kynge Rycharde myght ete
A noble knyght was with our kynge
Whan he wylt of that tydync
That Rychardes maners were syche
To the steward he sayd pruyeliche
Our lord lyeth loze leke Iwys
After porke he alonged is
And ye ne may none fynde to sell
No man be so hardy to tell
And yf he do he may dye
Ye must as I you saye
That he knowe not of that
Take a satasyne yonge and fat
And in haste that deed he slawe
And his heed of hym be fawne
And soven full hastely
With good powder and spycery

And with good saffron of good colour
Whan kyng Rycharde feleth the sauour
Out of the ague yf he be wente
He shall haue thereto good talente
Whan he hath therof a taste
And eten a good repaste
And supped of the brothe a sope
And slepe therafter and swete a drope
Thorough goddes helpe and my counsayle
Soone he shall be hole without fayle
The sothe to saye at wordes fewe
Slayne and soden was that chrewe
Before Rycharde it was brought
Quod his folke we haue porke sought
Aryse and suppe of the brothe sote
Thorough goddes myght it shall be bote
Before the kyng kerued a knyght
He ete faster than he kerue myght
Kyng Rycharde knewe the flesche fro þ bones
And dranke ryght well after for the nones
And whan he had eten I nowe
He laye styll and drewe in his arme
His chamberlayne couered hym warme
He laye and slepte and swette a stounde
Soone he became hole and sounde
Whan he awoke he arose
And romed aboute in the close
And all the folke hym shewed
Glad was bothe lerned and lewed
And thanked Ihesu and Mary
That he was curt of his malady.

Kynge R.



J. iii.

The sarasynes spedde with all theyr myght
The dyche to wynne with all theyr myght
The barbicanes they felde downe
And had upgh entred and in I come
Whan kynge Rycharde that tydylnges herde
As a wddre man tho he sterke ferde
And he armed hym in his armour
For loue of cryst our sauour
To fyght I haue grete delyte
With houndes that wylleth vs despyle
Now I me fele hole and lyght
This daye shall I preue my myght
Yf I am stronge as I was before
And yf I can dele strokis grece stoke
All that I mete I shall fele
Suche a dole I shall them dele
That for the loue of theyr mahon
They shall haue theyr maryson
He was armed to all ryghtes
With hym in his fote men squyers & knyghtes
And the cristen all by dene
Wonder it was that hoost to sene
The sothe to saye and not to lye
Of sarasynes were twyes so manye
Before wente his templers
His gascoynes and his ospytalers
Our kynge amonge the sarasynes rode
To some he gaue full grete lode
A kynge he hyt aboue the chelde
That helme & heed flo we in the felde
Another he hath a stroke I caught
All his hatneys halpe hym naught

To the sadyll he clefte the ferth
All that he smote it wente to erth
Blythe was the cristen fela wredē
Of kynge Rycharde and of his dede
For none armure withstode his axe
No more than a knyfe doth the waxe
Whan the sowdan sawe them so stronge
He sayd the deuyll was them anionge
For downe ryght there he slewe
With all his hoost he hym withdrawe
And fledde with all his baronage
In to towne men call it cage
And certes all the rerewarde
Were slayne by kynge Rycharde
The sarasynes that in Accys ware
Were anoyed and full of care
Whan they sawe the sowdan flee
And kynge Rycharde downe ryght sée
Thus all daye tyll it was nyght
They and the cristen kepte fyghts
At eu'en whan the sonne was set
Euery man drewe to his reset
The cristen bothe poore and ryche
Wente within theyr close dyche
To reste them for they were very
And kynge Rycharde let make a crye
Crusty folke that myght the pales kepe
Whyle that other lye and slepe
The sarasynes that were withoute
Of kynge Rycharde they had grete doute
For he had the pypse I wonne
Awye they rode and swythe ronne

That myght flee and them hyde
There they durste not abyde
Of the space of ten englysshē myle
Whan Rycharde had rested a whyle
A knyght his harneys gan vnlace
Hym to comforthe and to solace
Hym was brought a soppe in wyne
The heed of the wylde swyne
He sayd fayne I wolde I had
For I am feble feynt and mad
Of myn euyll I am fere
Therwith serue me at my souvere
Quod the coke the heed I ne haue
Than sayd Rycharde so god me saue
But I le the heed of the swyne
Forsoch thou shalte soone lese thyne
The coke sa we none other myght be
He set the heed and let hym se
He fell on knees and made a crye
Lo the heed here Rycharde mercy
The blacke byslage whan Rycharde sawe
His blacke berde his teche whyte as swawe
He began to laugh as he were wood
What is sarasynes fleshe so good
And neuert before I it wiste
By goddes deth and his vpryste
Shall we never dye for defaute
Whyle we may in assawte
Slic sarasynes and the fleshe take
Wesshe sethe them and bake
Gnaue the fleshe fro the bones
Now I haue assayed them ones

For honger or we be to woo
I and my folke shall ete inoo
On the morowe without fayle
The cyte he began to assayle
The sarasynes myght not endoure
They fledde in to the hye tour
And cryed trews and plement
To kyng Rycharde that was so gent
And also to the kyng of fraunce
And bad mercy without dystaunce
Anone stode vp syc latemere
And cryed lowde with boyce clere
He layd here good lordynges
For I you bryng good tydynges
Thac syc Salandyn sente by me
He wolde that accys yelded be
And Iherusalem in to your honde
And lurrey all the londe
To flomordan the water clere
For two thousande besauntes by yere
And yf ye wyll not so noze
Ye shall haue peas for euermore
So that ye make the kyng of surrey
Markys feraunt of grete maystrye
For he is the strongest man Iwys
Of crystendomie or of hethenys
Than answered kyng Rycharde
Thou lyeth he sayd false cowarde
In euery gaderynge a prese
Markys is a false traytore and a lese
He hath whyted Salandynes honde
To be kyng of surrey londe

And by the kyngē in crynþe
That traytour shall it neuer be
He was crysten by my faders dayes
And syt he hath renyed his layes
And is become a sarasyne
God gyue hym well euyl pyne
He is worse than an hounde
He robbed syxti thousande pounde
Out of the holy holypytallers honde
That my fader sente in to this londe
That men cleped kyngē Harry
Crysten men to gouerne by
I byd hym hys out of this hoost
For I swere by the holy goost
And by Mary that bare Ihesus
Fynd: I that traytour amonge vs
Other by nyght or by daye
With horse he shall be drawe I saye
Than answered the kyngē of traunce
To kyngē Rychard without dystaunce
O suffre syc heus amys
Thou dooſt wronge by saynt denys
That thou chreteneſt that markys
That neuer dyde the amys
Yf he haue done ony thynge yll
He shall amende it at thy wyll
I am his borowde lo here my gloue
Receyue it for my loue
May quod Rycharde by god my lord
I shall neuer with hym accorde
Had neuer ben lost Accys towne
He had ben thorough his tresowne

He yelde agayne my faders tresour
And Iherusalem with grete honout
And than my wrathe Ihym forgyue
And never elles whyle I lyue
The kynge of fraunce was wo therfore
And he ne durst speke no more
For euer he douted dentes harde
To vnderfonge of kynge Rycharde
Whan the latemere herde this
That kynge myght not be syc markys
He layd here good lordynges
For I haue brought you other tydynges
That moche more is to your wylt
Yf ye wyll let our people passe stille
With lyfe and lymbe honde and arme
Without dente and without harme
We shal yelde you the towne
And the holy crosse with grete renowne
And syxty thousande prysoneis thereto
And an hondred thousande besaunteis & mo
And haue ye shall also therin
Ryche tresour and moche wyne
Helmes hawberkes syxty thousande & mo
And other ryches ye may fynde also
Where I nowe and other tressore
For your hoost seuen yere and more
And yf that ye wyll not thys fonge
We may holde you out longe
And euer to fynde one of our
For to slee ten of your
For we haue without fable
Syxty thousande men defensable

And we beseche you for the loue of god
That ye wyll take your bode
That ye the tresour moze and lasse
And let vs quykly awaye passe
Than answered kynge Rycharde
In my halfe I graunte that forwarde
With that ye wyll vs quykly in late
It shall be done they layd by yate
They let hym in soone anone
And kynge Rycharde toke them euerychone
And to pryson put them thore
yonge and olde lesse and moze
There myght none out of Acrys towne
Tyll payed was that raunswone
And the holy crosse therwith
Or they must haue peas and grych
There was founde many hordes
That was departed amonge lordes
Stryfe there was at theyr comynge
But the best tresour had our kynge
The cristen prysoneris of Acrys towne
Kynge Rycharde gaue clothe grete foysowne
Mete and drynke and armes bryght
And made them full fresshe in fyght
And toke them to his partyse
To auenge god of his enemylse
Kynge Rycharde in Acrys had nome
Oflaralynes that cheder were come
That were goddes enemylse
Hardy knyghtes of grete prysel
Of hethenes of grete lordynges
Dukes prynces sones of kynges

And admiralles and many a noble man
Theyr names I ne tell can
In pryon they lay bounde faste
To the sowdan they sente in haste
And sayd we bere so many chaynes
And these men done vs so many paynes
We may neyther syt nor lye
But ye vs out of pryon bye
And with rausom helpe and borowe
We shall dye or the thyde morowe
The ryche sowdan was wotherfor
Knyghtes prynces well two score
Many an admirall and many a lord
Sayd we rede that ye make accord
With kyng Rycharde that is stronge
To delyuer our chyldren out of wronge
That they ne be hanged ne drawne
Of tresour Rycharde wyll be full fawe
That our chyldren may come home all
Charge mewles horses by your counsall
Of bryght golde and of bawdkyne
For our eyres to make fyne
Men saye englysshe men loue gyftes
Of golde wellthyrt mennes lyftes
Were layde on mewles and on rabyte
Thyrt erles clothed in samyte
That were well auysed of tonge
To kyng Rycharde that tresour brounge
All to Alrys they it brought
On knees of grace they besought
Our sowdan sendeth the this tresore
And wyll be thy frende euer moxe

For the prysoneſ that thou haſt nyne
And let them go with lyfe and lyme
Out of thy pryſon thou them lete
That no man ſlee them ne bete
For all they ben doughty vassalles
Kyngeſ ſones and admiralles
The beſt doynges at thiſ tyme
That now ben in all ſarafyne
And our hoſt moſt truſteſt to
And Salandyn loueth them alſo
Not for a thouſande pounde of golde
None of them he leſe wolde
Kynge Rycharde ſpake wordes mylde
That golde to take cryſte me chylde
Amonge you parte euery dele I charge
For I brought in chyppes and in barge
Moſe golde and ſyluer with me
Than your lordes and ſuche thre
Of hiſ trelour I haue no nede
But for my loue I you bede
To mete with me that ye dwelle
And afterwarde I shall you tell
Thorugh counſeyll I shall gyue anſwere
What wordes ye ſhall to your lordes bere
They graunted hym with good wyll
Kynge Rycharde cleped hiſ maryſſhall ſtill
And toke hym to counſeyll alone
I ſhall the tell what thou ſhalte done
Pryuely go unto the pryſowne
Take the ſarafynes of grete renowne
And tho that ben of rycheſt kyn
Pryuely ſlee them therin

And ox the hedes be of smyten
Loke euery name be wryten
Upon a score of parchemyn.
Than bere the hedes to the kechyn
In to a caudron let them be caste
And byd the coke sethe them faste
And loke that he the here of stryppe
Of heed and berde and of lyppe
Whan we be set and sholde ete
Loke that ye not forgete
Servue them in this maner
To lye euery heed in a platter
And brynge them forth in your honde
The bysage upwarde the tethe greuonde
And loke they be no thynge rawe
His name fastened aboute the braue
What he hyght and of what kyn I boze
And an hote heed brynge me before
As I were well apayed withall
Faste therof ete I shall
As it were of tender chyke
For to se how the sarasynes it lyke
The matysshall so sayth our geste
Anone dyde kynge Rychardes heste
Anone the waytes to mete blewe
The messengeris no thynge knewe
Of Rychardes lawe ne of his custome
Quod he frendes ye be welcome
To them he was well compenable
They were set at hye table
Salte was set but no bryde
Neþher wyne whyte nor rede

Kynge R.



B.I.

The sarasynes gan faste stare
And thought how shall we fare
Kynge Rycharde was set on the dese
With dukes erles proude in prese
Fro kechyn came the fyrste course
With trumpettes pypes and tabours
The stewarde to well good yeme
To serue kynge Rycharde well to queme
Lesse after mete tyde ony harme
All sarasynes heed anone all warme
He brought to kynge Rycharde not cleuede
The name I wryten on the forhede
Alwaye an heed byt wene two
The messengers were serued tho
In the forched wryten the name
Therot they had all grame
But whan the names they seen
The teres ran out of theyr eyen
Whan they the letters radde
For to be slayne they were adradde
Kynge Rycharde his eyen to them drewe
And sawe how they chaunged hewe
For theyr frendes they syghed soze
That they had lost for euermore
Of theyr kynne and blode they were
Tho that myght euyll forbere
Made well soray chere
And rewed the tyme that they came there
Kynge Rycharde behelde them well
How that they ete no morcell
The knyght that sholde Rycharde serue
With a knyfe he gan the heed carue

Kynge Rycharde ete with herte good
The sarasynes wende that he were wood
Eucryche late styl and plucked other
And sayd this is the deuylls brother
That sleeth our men and thus eteth
But kynge Rycharde not forgeteth
Aboute hym he loked yerne
With wrothe semblaunt and with sterne
The messengers tho he badde
For my loue be you gladde
And loke ye be well at ease set
Why kerue ye not of your mete
And ete faste as I do
Tell me why ye loure so
The messengers soze quoke
They ne durst speke ne loke
In to the erthe they wolde haue copen
For to haue ben slayne they hopen
They answered hym never a worde
Quod Rycharde bere fro the borde
The mete that ye before them set
And other mete ye them fet
Men brought brede without boost
Venyson cranes and roost
Pynment clare and drynke of the best
Kynge Rycharde bad be mercy his gest
There was none of them that ete lyste
Kynge Rychatde theyr thought well wyste
And sayd frendes be not squemous
This is the maner of my hous
To be serued fyrst god it wote
With a sarasynes heed all hote

Kynge R.



K.M.

But your maner not I knewe
As I am a kynge cristen and trewe
But ye shall be in certayne
All safe to wende home agayne
For I ne wolde for no thyng
That word of me sholde spryne
That I were so bylayne of maners
For to mysdo messengers
Tho they had eten and cloth folde
Kynge Rycharde gan them to beholde
On knees they asked leue to gone
That on message theder come
I dare well saye by saynt John
They had leuer haue ben at home
With wyfe chylde and theyr kynde
Than all the good that was in ynde
Kynge Rycharde spake to an olde man
Wende home and tell thy sowdan
His malyncoly that he abbatte
And also saye ye come to late
To slowly was the message gessed
Or that ye came the fleshe was dressed
That men sholde therwith serue me
Thus at none and all my meyne
And saye hym it shall not auayle
Alyenst vs to gyue batayle
We de wyne fleshe fyssh and kunger
We wyll never dye for hunger
Whyle that we may wende to fyght
And see the sarasynes downe ryght
Washe the fleshe sethe and brethyn
With one sarasyne I may well fedyn

Well an nyne or an ten
Of my good englysshe men
Kynge Rycharde sayd I you wraunt
There is no flesche so nouryssaunt
To none englysshe crysten man
Partryche heron fesaunt neswan
Cowe ne oxe shepe ne swyne
Than is the flesche of a sarasyne
For they ben bothe fat and tender
And my men lene and sclender
But whyle that ony sarasynes be
Alyue in this councree
For mete wyll we not care
Aboute shall we faste fare
And euery daye we wyll ete
As many as we may gete
In to Englond we not gone
Tyll they be eten euerychone
The messengers home dyde tourne
Before the sowdan they dyde mourtne
The elder knyght tolde the sowdan
That kynge Rycharde was a noble man
And sayd lord I the warne
In the worlde is none so sterne
On knees we tolde hym our tale
But it vs ne auayled no gale
Of our golde Wolde he none
Hesware he had better wone
Of ryche tresour than hast thou
To vs sayd I gyue it you
Tresour golde cloth of pall
Parte it amonge you all

Kynge R.



K. III.

To mete hadde vs abyde
We were set at a borde hym besyde
That stode Rychardes table nygh
But none of vs before hym sygh
No brede whyte ne soure
But salte and none other lycoure
What mese fyrst before hym came
Well I behelde the seruyle than
A knyght brought fro the kechyn
An heed soden of a sarasyn
Without here in a platter brode
His name before his heed stode
Was wryten aboute his eyen
Me nedeth not soz to lyen
What heed it was my felawe dyde aske
It was the sowdan sone of dainaske
And lordes as we sete in fere
We were I serued in manere
Euer an heed bytwene twaye
Forsothe than wende we to dye
There came bytwene my felowe & me
The kynges sone of rube
His of peres that late me by
The thyrd was of samary
The fourth was of austryke
For soz we tho gan we syke
Our hertes tho brake nye asonder
Lordes yet mayst thou here mo wonder
Before kyng Rycharde a knyght in haste
Carued hym of the heed and he ete faste
With his tethe he grynded flesche harde
And as a wood man tho he farde

With his eyen stepe and grym
He spake and we behelde hym
He sayd we sholde go safe and quyte
For no man shall do you dyspyte
He the sendeth redy answe're
Or that we myght come there
Men of our kynde were I sawe
And gyneth not though thou ware drawe
And hyde thy store frome his hoost
For he sayth his men make theyr boost
That he ne shall let one a lyue
In all his londe chylde ne wyue
But flee all that he may fynde
Sethe the flesche & with tethe grynde
Hunger shall them none ayle
In to englonde wyll they not sayle
Tyll they haue made playne warke
His clothes of golde and his sarke
Salandyn rent tho with ire
Kynges prynces and many a syre
Said alas that they were borne
For now we be all forlorne
For they were wyght men and stronge
Well alwaye we lyue to longe
Alas that we thus be begone
Now that Rycharde hath Acrys wonne
He hath ment yf he go for th
To wynne eest west south and north
And ete our chyldren and vs
Lord Salandyn what redest thou vs
Sende to hym and beseche them este
For them that ben on lyue leste
To let them go yf that he wolde

Kynge R.



K.iii

Gyue hym suche for he wyll no golde
Ryche medes for the nones
Of good perles and precyous stonnes
Charged full many a cofer
Yf that he wyll than hym profer
For to forsake Ihesu and Mary
Thou whyte hym gyue londe a grete party
To be in peas and let be warre
Syth he is come so farre
Thou wylte not that he his trauayll lese
Graunte hym selfe to come and chese
Tho londes that hym lyketh beste
And make hym sowdan after heste
After thy selfe and rychede kynge
Confer me it hym and his of pypinge
And yf it be that he wyll so
Swythe in peas he comie the to
And thou shalte forgyue hym thy malatent
Though he haue thy folke shent
And as thy broder thou loue and kyse
In warre to be holde and wyse
Of all the worlde to wynne the pypse
And so shall ye leue and be frendes
With Joye to your lyues endes
Salandyn by his sergeauntes
Sente kynge Rycharde his presauntes
And besought hym for shame
That he hath to estage tame
And yf he wolde his god forsake
And madowne to his lord take
Of surrey he wyll make the kynge
And of egypte that ryche thynge

Of batres and of babyloyn
Of arres and of susoyne
Of aufryke and of bogye
Of all the londes of alyxlaundre
Of grece and eke of tyre
And of many another empyre
And make he wyll the sowdan anone
Of all ynde to prester Johan
Kynge Rycharde answered the messengers
Iye on you foule losengers
You and Salandyn your lord
The deuyll you hange with a corde
Go swythe and saye Salandyn
That he make to morowe a syne
For all his dogges in hostage
Or they shall dye on euyll cage
And yf I may haue a fewe pere
Of all the londes that ye reken here
I shall not leue halfe a fote
So god do my foule bote
I wyll not leue my lordes lawe
Of all the londes vnder heuen shewe
And but I haue the rode to morowe
His men shall dye with sorowe
They answered at the forme
They wisten not where it was become
Quod kynge Rycharde lyth it is so
I wote well what I haue to do
Your sowdan is not so slye
So queyntly to blete myn eye
He cleped his knyghtes anone
And bad them to Accys gone

Kynge R.

35

L.L.

And take of sarasynes syxty thousandes
And knytte behynde them theyr hondes
And lede them out of the cyte
And smyte of theyr heddes without pyte
And saye I shall teche Salandyn
To praye me to lyue on oppolyn
They were brought out of the towne
Saue twenty he helde at raunswone
They were brought in to a place cuen
Than harde Rycharde an aungell of heuen.
That sayd seygnours tues tues
Spare them nought behede all these
Kynge Rycharde herde the aungelles boyle
He thanked god and the holy croyle
They were beheded hastelyche
And I caste in to a dyche
Thus kynge Rycharde wan Acrys
God graunte vs all his swete blys
His doughty dedes who wyll here
Lysten now to me with good chere

CYet of an other batayll/ and how kynge Rycharde wan it/ & also wan the cyte of arsour.

IT was before saynt James tyde
Whan the foules began to chyde
Kynge Rycharde wente forth a pace
Towarde the cyte of capface
Euer forth by the matyne
By the ryuer of chaylyne
Salandyn that herde tell
And came pryckynge after snell



With syxty thousande sarasynes stronge
And thought to do the cristen wronge
He ouertoke the rerewarde
And there began a batayll harde
Hastely swerdes they drewe
And many a cristen they slewe
Unarmed was the rerewarde
And fledde in haast to kynge Rycharde
Whan kynge Rycharde herde this
That the sarasynes slewe men of his
On fauell of sypres he late falowe
That was swyfte as ony swalowe
The kynges baner was on felde
The sarasynes theron behelde
Whan they the baner myght see
All they began for to flee

Kynge R.

*

L.II.

Kynge Rycharde after gan ryde
And they tourned at that tyde
And smote togyder with grete randowne
As the wroldes sholde fall dowlne
Kynge Rycharde before smote
With his axe that bytter bote
He them to hewed and to carfe
Many a sarasyn vnder his honde stacfe
And many one I tell you syket
Hente theyr dethe in that beker
Though a caree of Roberte ganter
That was set in the myre
The carter lost his honde ryght
There was slayne many a knyght
For that harneys kepte men fourty
And therof was slayne thryty
For Salandynes sones theder came
And the harneys them bename
Kynge Rycharde hyed hym thederwarde
To rescowe his rerewarde
Yet almoost he came to late
And that was sene therate
In honde he helde his axe good
Many a sarasyn he let blode
There was none armure verament
That mygh withstande his dente
And the longe spaye that tyde
Faught ryght well on euery syde
That downe it wente all that he smote
With his swerde that bytter bote
And the batayll was doutous
And to our men full perylous

for the herte was so stronge
And the dust rose them amonge
And haue set the crysten honde
That they fell dead on the londe
Mo dyed for here at shorte wordes
Than for dente of spere and swerdes
Kynge Rycharde was almoost atteynt
And in the pouder well nygh adreynt
Upon his knees he gan downe fall
Helpe of Ihesu he gan for to call
For loue of his moder marye
And as I fynde in his stoyre
He sawe come saynt George the knyght
Upon a stede was good and lyght
In armes that were whyte as floure
With a crosse of reed colore
All that he mette in that stounde
Hors and man he felde to grounde
Anone the wynde gan weare lyght
And sterne strokes he gan dyght
Whan kynge Rycharde sawe that syght
In his herte he wexed good and lyght
And egerly as a lyon wihout fayle
The sarasynes he began to assayle
And than braundys the lumbarde
Robert turnam and kynge Rycharde
All tho that ayenst them gan dryue
Soone they berefte them theyt lyue
The sarasynes fledde to releth
To the mount of Nazareth
They were so hyed at the spoze
That moche of theyt folke they loze

Kynge R.



L.II.

And kynge Rycharde wente a pace
Unto the cyte of cayface
And thanked the kynge of glorie
Of that grace and of that victorie
And all they made grete solace
For the wynnynge of cayface
Now as this was a gracyous dede
Lysten now how I shall you rede
Soone on the morowe he let crye
That all his hoost sholde hye
Towarde the cyte of palestyne
Euer forth by the maryne
Theyr pauplyons gan they tell
And to longe there dyde they dwell
For to abyde theyr bytayle
That came by water saunce fayle
Certes that was the worse dwellynge
That euer dwelled Rycharde our kynge
Therwhyles the sowdan Salandyne
Sente after many a sarasyne
To bete downe the castell
That was cleped mervell
And the castell calafyn
That was made of good engyn
Of sezary they felde the wall
And tourc of arsoure all
Iasse castell they bette a downe
And the good castell to rowne
Castell pylgrym they felde there
And the good castell laffere
The castell of saynt George derayne
They bette downe and made all playne

The walles they felde of Iherusalem
And eke the walles of Bedlem
Maydens castell they let stonde
And the castell of aukes londe
By tho costes no more they let
for Rycharde sholde haue no reset
And whan they had thus I do
Kynge Rycharde they sente vnto
And layd they wolde the nexte morowe
Arete hym in the felde with sorowe
The sowdan sayd he wolde to hym redy
Yf he durste hym abyde
Under the forest of arsoure
He wolde assayle his valoure
Kynge Rycharde made it not tough
Of that tydynges full loude he lough
Kynge Rycharde let crye in his hoost
In the name of the holy goost
That they sholde with vygoure
Resse that nyght in arsoure
And dyght them all redy than
On the morowe to fyght with the sowdan
On saynt Maryes euene the natuyte
Thus same batayll sholde be
There was many an hethen man
That with the Salandyn came than
Of ynde of perse of babyloyne
Of arabie and of susoyne
Of austryke and of borg
Of all the londe of alyaundre
Of grete grece and of tyre
Of many an other ryche emprise

Kynge R.



L.iii.

Of mo londes than ony man can tell
Saue he that made bothe heuen and hell
That nyght was Rycharde before arsoure
Under the forest of lysoure
With hym there were of Englonde
Wyght knyghtes doughty of honde
Moche frenshe folke and templers
Gascoynes and eke hospytalers
Of prouance a fayre company
Of poyle and of lumbardy
Of gene of sylsyle and of costan
There was many a doughty man
Of estriche and of almayne
That well coude fyght in a playne
Of crysten knyghtes that were hende
The fayres hoost to the woldes ende
And ye shall here as it is wryten
How that the batayll was Ismyten
Salandyn came by a mountayne
And ouerspradde hyll and playne
Syxty thousande sayd the spye
Came in the fyrste company
With longe speres and hye stedes
Of golde and syluer was theyr wedes
Fyfty thousande came afterwarde
Of sarasynes stout and harde
With many a pensell and sylklatowne
And of sendell bryght and browne
After came syue and fyfty thousande
With Salandyn on stedes rounde
They came armed from fote to heede
In full good harnes as I rede

Thre thousandde turkys came at the last
With bowe turkeys and arblast
A thousandde tabourers and mo
All at ones they smote tho
That all the erthe quaked vnder
There men myght se grete wonder
How speke we of Recharde our kyng
How he came with his gynnes to batayllynge
He was arnied in spentes of stele
And sate vpon his good stede fauele
Well hym loued baron and knyght
For he coude well ordayne a fyght
The fyrst batayle to the templers
He gaue oute the hospytalers
And he bad them go out in goddes name
The deuyll to shenshyp and to shame
Jakes denys and Johsi denes
Before wente in that pres
In the woldes there ne were
Better knyghtes than they were
Forth they prycked full hardyly
With knyghtes thousandes twenty
And they sarasynes soone they mette
With grymly launces they them grette
Many a sarasyne had theyr syn
That wente to theyr god appolyn
And tho that were slayne of our
Wente to Ihesu cryst our sauour
Jakes denys was a good knyght
To slee the sarasynes he dyde his myght
He prycked before his folke to rathe
With his two lones that was skathe

Thre thoulande turkes come wth boost
Bytwene Jakes and his hoost
There myght no knyght come hym to
For no thynge that they myght do
Neyther he myght not withdrawe
For the people of the hethen lawe
It was scathe by Ihesu cryste
That kynge Rycharde therof not wiste
For he was yet all behynde
For to ordeyne twenty thoulande
Tho sholde the duke of burgoyne
Lede and the erle of coloyne
Thus they came and dyde theyr deuere
Ayenst the hethen pantenere
And Jakes and his sones two
Almoost were slayne tho
They layde on euery syde ryght
And slewe the sarasynes with myght
Twenty Jakes slewe & eyther of his sones ten
Of the crewell hethen men
Ten syth his hors was felde
And euer he couered hym with his shelde
He had no helpe of his templers
For of none of his hospytalers
Neuertheles doughtely he faught
The sarasynes yet felde hym naught
Well he layde on with sworde
And euer he cryed Ihesu lorde
I shall dye for thy loue
Receyue my soule to heuen aboue
The sarasyne layde ou with theyr mase
And all to frusshed hym in the face

Hym and his two sones bothe
Kynge Rycharde therfore was wrothe
But whan kynge Rycharde herde this
That deed was Iakes denys
Alas he sayd this is wronge
That I haue byd behynde so longe
He smote fauell with spores of golde
Come after hym who so wolde
A launce in his honde he helde
Therwith he smote an admyzall in the shelde
The dente smote thorugh the hethen harte
I vnderstande he gan to smarte
Kynge Rycharde his honde withdrew
And with his launce a kynge he slew
And so he dyde an admyzayle
And fyue dukes without fayle
All that he caught with his launce selue
Kynge Rycharde therwith slewe kynges twelue
The. xiiii. knyght unto the chynne he kerfe
The launce brake the sarasyne sterfe
His axe frome the arson he drew
And many a sarasyne therwith he slew
He smote some on the shulder bone
And carued them to the sadell anone
And some he pared the crowne
That they ne helped madowne
There was no armure made with honde
That myght Rychardes axe withstande
Of my tale be not awondred
The frensshe sayd he slew an hondred
Wherof is made this englysshhe lawe.
Or he rested hym ony thrawe

Hym folowed many an englyſche knyght
That egerly helped hym to fyght
And layde on as they were wode
Cyl vales tanne all on blode
The sarasynes layd in theyr pauylyons
That the crysten fared as lyons
And that Rycharde with theyr folke fares
As hende grehoundes do with hares
Upon theyr stedes tho they lept
Swardes and speres to them they grepte
Many a man there flee other
And many a sarasyne his brother
And many of the hechen houndes
With theyr tethe gnewe the groundes
And by the blode upon the gras
Men myght se where Rycharde was
Brayne and blode he shedde I nowe
Many an hors his guttes drowe
There was many an emty sadell
It bewepte the chylde in the cradell
He thought to rescowe Jakes denayne
But ox he came he was slayne
For he and his sones anone
Were all to frusshē flesshē and bone
Yet had he them to his pauylyowne
In desperte of theyr god mahowne
Tho fought Rycharde on euery syde
The sarasynes durst hym not abyde
Syxty thousande and seuen score
At ones Rycharde droue hym before
Up apenist an hye clyue
They fledde as dere were dryue

And for the drede of kynge Rycharde
Of the clefe they fell downe warde
And all to brake hors and man
That never came to lyue ayan
That sawe the sowdan Salandynes
He was syker his lyfe to tyne
He lefte his pauplyon and his tent
And fledde awaye verament
Than kynge Rycharde sawe hym fleande
He sewed after taste slyngande
To slee the sowdan he had thought
And for he myght ouertake hym noughe
And of a foteman a bowe he toke
And drewe it vp to the hoke
And shotte it to the sowdan anone
And smote hym thorough the shulder bone
Thus the sowdan with doloure
Fledde frome the batayll of arsere
Syxty thousande there were slawe
Sarasynes of the hethen lawe
And of crysten but ten score
Blessyd be Ihesu cryste therfore
Kynge Rycharde toke his pauplyons
Of sendell and of sylke latons
They were shapen with caruelleg'
Of golde and syluer were theyr penselles
Many was the noble Ieste
Was theron paynted of wylde beste
Tygres dragons lyons and lybarde
And this wonne good kynge Rycharde
Bounde in cofers and grete inales
He gate therwith out tales

Floynes besauntes and whyte torneys
Sylke sampte and eke sarsyneys
Of tresour they had so moche wonne
That they ne wiste where it to done
Kynge Rycharde with grete honour
Wente to the cyte of arsoure
And rested hym there all nyght
And thanke Ihesu crystes myght
On the morowe kynge Rycharde arose
His dedes were ryche and his lose
Of naples he cleped syr ganter
That was his mayster hospytaler
And bad hym take with hym knyghtes
Stoute in armes stronge in fyghtes
And go ye the fledge to
There the batayll had ben do
And lede Iakes the barowne
In to Iherusalem towne
And bury hym in the erth rychely
For he was a man full worthy
None it was done without cheste
Hastely kynge Rychardes heste
And thus kynge Rycharde wan arsout
God gyue his soule grete honour
Fro thens he wente ryght sone
Towarde the cyte of babylone

How kynge Rycharde assyged the cyte
of babyloyne and how he wan it / & of two
deuylles / that one in lykenes of mare / &
that other in lykenes of a colte / wherof þ
sowd an sente the colte to kyng Rycharde.



He chefe sowdan of hethenys
To babyloyne he was flowen I wys
Afer his counseyll he sente that tyme
That theder came many a paynymi
An hondred thousande that day was telde
Of spores of golde in the felde
Without all that other putayle
That theder came without fayle
For so he sayd that was the spye
That tolde folke on bothe partye
Foure hondred thousande of hether men
To batayll had the sowden
Now herken and it be your wyll
The wordes that I shall saye you tyll
There men loueth trouth and ryght
Euer god sendeth strength and myght

That was there full well sene.
Of our cristen men I wene
There was no mo in boke I founde
In all but fourte score thousande
Kynge Rycharde xxx. thousande ladde
For Phelipp of fraunce & his men were baddi
Fyfty thousande ledde he
By the one syde of that cyte
To kepe with the sarasynes stoute
Was none so holde that durst come ouer
For Rycharde on that other syde laye
On batayll redy euery daye
With spryngelles and with mangenelles
With many arowes and quarelles
Faste they slange harde stones
Bekerynge with them for the nones
There was no sarasyne so stoute
That ones the wall durst loke out
The cyte was so stronge within
That no man myght to them wyn
The stronge gynnes for the nones
To brike the walles with the stones
Theyr gates and theyr barbycam
And be ye sute many a hethen man
Hadde them counter harde and stronge
And many a man was slayne amonge
Of the cristen was many slayne
But on the frensche fell the moost payne
For had kynge Phelipp trewe be
All the siege of that cyte
There ne had escaped no man
Herr kynge ne swidan

That ne had be slayne downe ryght
For Rycharde euer vpon the nyght
Whan they were gone to theyr rest
With his men he was full preste
And gaue them batayll full smarte
That no man myght haue starte
And slewe them downe grete plente
And wylde fyre they caste in to the cyte
The sarasynes defended them faste
With bowe turkeys and with arblaste
Full harde fyght was them bytwene
So they sayd that dyde it sene
Quarelles and arowes so thycke dyde flye
As doth the rayne that falleth fro the skye
And the wylde fyre the folke gan bren
A counsayll toke the hethen men
To fyght with them vpon the felde
They wolde not the cyte yelde
Up stode theyr latemere on the wall
And cryed unto the folke all
And asked trues of Rycharde there
But he wolde not graunt in no manere
And with hym myght he not sped
To take trues for no nede
Raye certes sayd Rycharde than
Cyll I haue slayne the sowdan
And all that ben in that cyte
The latemere tho tourned his eye
To that other syde of the towne
And cryed trues with grete sowne
To the ryche kyng of fraunce
And he graunted with myschaunce

Kynge R.



M.L.

For a porcyon of golde
And elles had the cyte be yarde
And the sarasynes all I slayne
But the sowdan was full tayne
And all his folke on Rycharde syll
For that other syde was all styll
Rycharde wende Phylyp had fought
And he and his men dyde nought
But made mercy all that nyght
And were traytors in that syght
For he loued no crownes to crake
But to do treason and tresour take
The kynge of fraunce to Rycharde sende
That they myght them no lenger defende
For hunger of hym and his men also
He must breke syege and awaye go
Full wrothe was kynge Rycharde than
And sayd to that cursed false man
For couetysse and for tresoure
He doth hym selfe dyshonoure
That he shall sarasynes respyte gyue
It is harme that suche men lyue
He brake syege and dyde withdrawe
Of tresour and ryches he was fawe
Grete Joye the sarasynes made amonge
With clarmons triunpettes & mercy songe
The nexte daye after than
Messenger caine fro the sowdan
And grette kynge Rycharde in this manere
And sayd yf thy wyll it were
My lord the sowdan to the sente
Yf thou wylte graunte in presente

Thou arte stronge of flesche and bones
And he is doughty for the nones
Thou dost hym grete harme he sayes
And dystroyest all his countrayes
And sleest his men and etest amonge
All that thou doost is wronge
And thou crauest herytage in this londe
But he doth the to vnderstonde
That thou thereto haste no ryght
Thou fayest thy god is full of myght
Wylte thou graunte with spere and shelde
To detreyue the tyght in the felde
With helme hauberke and brondes bryght
On stronge stedes good and lyght
Whether ben of more power
Thy god almyghty or Jupyter
And he me sente to saye this
Yf thou wylte haue an hors of his
In all the londes that thou hast gone
Suche ne sawest thou never none
Fauell of syppres ne lyarde of prys
Ben not at nede as he is
And yf thou wylet this same daye
He shall be brought the to assayle
Rycharde answered thou sayest well
Suche an hors by saynt Myghell
I wolde haue to ryde vpon
For myn ben wery and forgon
And I shall for my lordes loue
That lytteth on hye in heuen aboue
And his owne hors be good.
With a spere to shede his blood

Kyng R.



M.ii.

If that he wyl I graunte and holde
In that maner that thou hast tolde
As I must to god my soule yelde
I shall mete hym in the felde
Wydde hym sende that hors to me
And I shall assay what he be
If he be trusty without fayle
I kepe none other to me in batayle
The messengers tho home wente
And tolde the sowdan in presente
That Rycharde in þ felde wolde come hym to
The ryche sowdan badde to come hym vnto
A noble clerke that coude well conioure
That was a mayster nygromansoure
He commaunded as I you tell
Thorough the fendes myght of hell
Two stronge fendes of the ayre
In lykenes of two stedes fayre
Bothe lyke of hewe and here
As men sayd that there were
No man sawe never none lyche
That one was a mare I lyche
That other a colte a noble stede
Wher that he were in ony mede
Were the knyght never so bolde
Whan the mare nre wolde
That sholde hym holde ayenst his wyll
But soone he wolde go her tyll
And knele downe and souke his dame
Therwhyle the sowdan with shame
Sholde kynge Rycharde quell
All this an aungell gan hym tell

That to hym came aboute mydnyght
Awake he sayd goddes knyghtes
My lord doth the to vnderstonde
That the shall come on hors to londe
Fayre it is of body I pyght
To betraye the yf the sowdan myght
On hym to ryde haue thou no drede
For he the helpe shall at nede
Purney the a tree grete and stronge
Though it be fourty fote longe
And trusse it ouerthwarke his mane
All that he meteth shall haue theyr bane
With that tree he shall downe fell
It is a fende as I the tell
Ryde on hym in goddes name
For he may do the no shame
Take a brydell sayd the aungell
And make it fast on his mussell
And be the brydell in his mouth
Ryde eest weste north and south
He shall the serue at thy wyll
Whan the sowdan shall ryde the tyll
Take here a spere heed of steele
He hath none armure wrought so wele
But it be perysched be thou bolde
Whan the aungell had thus I tolde
In to heuen agayne he wente
On the morowe the hors was to hym sente
Kynge Rycharde of that hors was blythe
He let hym dyght a sadell swythe
Bothe his arsones were of Iren
Bycause they sholde well duren

Kynge R.



M. iii.

Wlth a chayne togyder faste
The brydell vpon the heed he caste
As the auigell had hym caught
Two good hokes forgate he naught
In his arsion he set before
With ware he stopped his eres thore
And layd by the apostelles twelue
Though thou be the deuyll hym selue
Thou shalce me helpe at this nede
Now he that on the rode gan blede
And suffred grymly woundes fyue
And syth he rose from deth to lyue
And after wente to hell
And the fendes myght gan fell
And afterwarde styed in to heuen
God for his names seuen
One god in persones thre
In his name I coniure the
That thou me serue at my wyll
He shoke his heed and stode stylle
Kynge Rycharde made hym redy that nyght
On the morowe whan it was lyght
Seuen sondans with grete route
Of that cyte were sente oute
And bataylled them in theyr araye
Of grete meruayll I wyll you saye
That daye was tolde without lesynge
Of sondans and of hygh kynges
There were fourty and mo
The leest brought with hym tho
Twenty thousande and ten
Byenst our good cristen men

And euer was twelue of them
Byenst one of our crysten men
Well twelue myle a coost
Laye the sarasynes hoost
The grounide myght vnneth be sene
For bryght armure and speres kene.
They made sheltron & batayll abyde
Messengers bytwene dyde ryde
To kyng Philipp & kyng Rycharde
If they wolde holde forwarde
That they made the daye before
The sarasynes ben redy lesse & more
Four hondred thousande there bene
Kyng Rycharde gan loke and sene
Lyke as snowe lyeth on the mountaynes
So were full fylded hylles and playnes
With hawkkes bryght & harneys cleere
Of trumpettes and of tabourere
To here the noyse it was grete wonder
As the worlde aboue and vnder
Sholde haue fallen so fared the sowne
Our crysten hoost made them bowne
Kyng Rycharde nothyng them a gradde
To his folke hors and harnes he gradde
He sayd felawes for the rood
Loke ye be of conforde good
For we gete the pryce this daye
Of hethenes all the noblaye
For euermore we haue wonne
But he that made mone and sonne
Bur helpe and gyue vs nyght
Beholde how that I shall syght.

With swerde spere and axe of stelle
But I this daye mete hym wele
Euer more fro hens forwarde
Holde me for a feynt cowarde
But euery crysten man and page
Haue to nyght to his wage
An heed of a blacke sarasyne
Thorugh goddes helpe and myne
Suche worke I wyll amonge them make
Of tho that I may ouertake
That fro this tyme to domes daye
They shall speke of my paye
Euery crysten man was armed wele
Bothe in Iren and eke in stelle
The kynge of fraunce with his batayll
Was redy the sarasynes to assayll
And aboue the sarasynes they rode
Sheltrons pyght and batayll abode
And for stopped the londe weyes
That they myght not flee the countreyes
Neyther no socoure to them come
But they were slayne or nome
The frenshe men dyde boost make
To sles sarasynes and crownes crake
But in Ientes as it is tolde
There was none of them so bolde
To nygh the sarasynes sheltrone
Tyll kynge Rycharde was I come
Now cometh Rycharde with his boost
And d~~id~~ them by an other cost
Bytwe them and the cyte
That none of them myght flee

But they wolde to the ryuer gone
Or elles the crysten sholde them slone
Than had Rycharde hoostes thre
That one gaue assaute to the cyte
The seconde with hym he ladde
To bryng his hors he badde
That the sowdan had hym sente
He sayd with his owne presente
I shall hym mete longe or nyght
He lepte on hors whan it was lyght
D; he in his sadell dyde lepe
Of many thynges he toke kepe
He lacked nought that he ne had
His men brought hym that he bad
A square tree of fourty fete
Before his sadell anone he it sete
Faste that they sholde it brase
That it fayled for no case
And so they dyde with hokes of Iren
And good rynges that wolde duren
Other fastenyng none there was
But Iren chaynes for all that cas
And they were wrought full well
Bothe his gythes and his ptytrell
And a'queyntyse of the kynges owne
Upon his hors was throwne
Before his arson an axe of stele
And on that other syde a maswele
Hymselfe was rychely begone
Frome the creste ryght to the toun
He was couered wondresly wele
All with splentes of good stele

Kynge R.



R. i.

And there aboue an hauberk
A shafte he had of trusty werke
Upon his shulder a shelde of stele
With thre lyardes depaynted wele
And helme he had of ryche entayle
Trusty and trewe was his ventayle
Upon his creste a doue whyte
Sygnyfyaunce of the holy spypye
Upon a crosse the doue stode
Of golde I wrought ryche and good
God hym selfe Mary and John
As he was done the rode vpon
In sygnyfyaunce for whome he faught
The spere heed forgate he naught
Upon his shafte he wolde it haue
Goddess name theron was graue
Now herken what othe he sware
Or they to the batayll wenche thare
Yfit were so that Rycharde myght
Slee the sowdan in felde with fyght
At our wyll euerychone
He and his sholde gone
In to the cyte of bablynne
And the kynge of malydoyne
He sholde haue vnder his honde
Aud yf the sowdan of that londe
Myght slee Rycharde in the felde
With swerde or spere vnder shelde
That cristen men sholde go
Out of that londe for euer mo
And the lirasynes theyt wyll in wolde
Quod kyng Richard thereto I holde

Cherto my gloue as I am knyght
They be armed and redy dyght
Kynge Rycharde to his sadell dyde lepe
Certes who that wolde take kepe
To se that syght it were fayre
Theyr stedes ranne with grete ayre
Also harde as they myght dyre
After theyr fete sprange out fyre
Tabours and trumpettes gan blowe
There men myght se in a thowre
How kynge Rycharde that noble man
Encountred with the sowdan
The chefe was tolde of damas
His cruste vpon his mare was
And therfore as the boke vs telles
His crouper henge full of belles
And his peytrell and his arswone
Thre myle men myght here the sowone
His mare nyghed his belles dyde ryng
For grete pryde without lesynge
A faucon brome in honde he bare
For he thought he wolde thare
Haue slayne Rycharde with treasonne
Whan his colte sholde knele downe
As a colte sholde souke his dame
And he was ware of that shame
His eres whiche were stopped faste
Therefore Rycharde was not agaste
He stroke the fende that vnder hym mente
And gaue the sowdan his deth with a dente
In his shelde verament
Was paynted a serpent

Kynge R.



R. M.

With the spere that Rycharde helde
He bare hym thorough vnder his shelde
None of his armure myght hym laste
Brydell and peytrell all to braste
His gyrtches and his steropes also
His mare to grounde wente tho
Maugre her heed he made her seche
The grounde without more speche
His fete towarde the fyrmament
Behynde hym the spere out went
There he fel led on the grene
Rycharde smote the fende with spores kene
And in the name of the holy goost
He drpueth in to the hethen hoost
And as soone as he was coine
Asonder he brake the sheltrone
And all that euer afore hym stode
Hors and man to the grounde yode
Twenty fote on eyther syde
All that he ouertoke that tyde
On lyue was there lefte none
Thorough out he made his hors gone
As bees swarme out of hyues
The cristen men hym after drypes
And cryed than slee downe ryght
Bothe sowdans kynges and knyght
Whan the kyng of fraunce wiste a his men
That the maystry had the cristen
They wexed holde and good herte toke
Stedes bestrode and shaftes shoke
The kyng of fraunce with a spere
An hethen kyng gan downe here

And other erles and barownes
Noble men of grete renounes
Slewe the sarasynes downe wyght
Of englonde many a noble knyght
Wrought full well that daye
Of salisbury the longe spayre
To grounde he felde with his brande
All tho that he before fonde
Exte kyng Rycharde ever he was
And of multon syc Thomas
Fouke doly Roberte of leicester
In the worlde was not theyr bettes
Where that ony of them come
They spared nother swayne ne grome
That they ne felde alla downe
The sarasynes fledde in to the towne
For grete sorowe that they seen
The teres ranne out of theyr eyen
And swythe myrry they cryde
And soone they opened the gates wylde
And let them in at theyr wyl come
The cristen than the cyte nowne
Anone hastely therwithal
They set baners on the wall
The kynges armes of englonde
Whan Salandyn gan to understande
That the cyte yeilded was
He gan to crye and sayd alas
The prysle of bethunes is done
And tho began to flee full soone
With hym many a bason and knyght
But kyng Rycharde that was wyght

Kyng R.



R.iii.

Whan he sawe the sowdan flye
Abide cowarde he sayd on hye
And I shall the preue false
And thy cursed goddes alse
Kynge Rycharde dryued after hym faste
The sowdan was sore agaste
A grete wood before hym he sawe
Theder in a grete haste he flawe
Rycharde wente the wood nere
He douted of encombrete
He myght not in for his tre
Sone he tourned his horse eye
With that he mette a hethen kynge
His axe he drewe out of his ryng
And he hytte hym on the creste
That his lyfe no lenger laste
Another he caught vpon the shelde
The heed flewe in to the felde
Syxe he slewe of bethen kynges
To tell the sothe in all thynges
In his geste as I fynde
More than twenty thousynde
Of enity stedes aboute yode
Up to the fote lakes in blode
All a straye aboute they yede
What man wolde myght ryde
That batayll lasted tyll it was nyght
But whan they had slayne downe ryght
The sarasynes that they myght take
Grete Joye the crysten dyde make
They kneled and thanked god in heuen
And worshyped his names seuen

On bothe sydes were folkes I clawe
But the nombre of the hethen lawe
That laye deed vpon the felde
To god they gan theyr soules yelde
There were slayne hondredes thre
And of the sarasynes more plente
In hondred thousande and yet mo
Lo suche grace god sente tho
The cristen in to the cyte gone
Of golde & syluer & precyous stome
They founde I nowe without fayle
Mete and drynke and other bytayle
On the morowe whan the kynge arose
His dedes were ryche and his lose
The sarasynes before hym come
And asked hym crystendome
There were crysted as I fynde
Moze than twenty thousande
Chyrches he let make of crystes lawe
And theyr maumettes all to drawe
And tho that wolde not cristen become
They were slayne all and some
And departed that tresour
Amonge cristen with honouer
Erle baron knyght and knaue
Had as moche as they wolde haue
Whan this was done I you saye
He let his colte banysshee awaie

How kynge Rycharde and the kynge of fraunce
Were wrothe togider / and how þ kyng of fraunce
Wente home to his londe.

Kynge R.

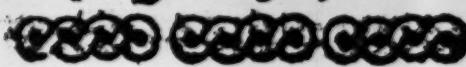


¶.iii.

Here they dwelled fourtenyght
And after that they hem byght
Towarde Iherusalem they gan ryde
Kynge Phelipp spake a woorde of pypet
Iherusalem that fayre cyte
That is so fayre and so fre
Though thou it wylle it shall be myn
By god sayd Rycharde a byfayre martyrl
And as god do my fofre vole
Of my wynnynge not halfe a fot
I ne shall gyre the to londe
I do the well to viderlond
If thou wylte it haue he sayd then
Go now forth & wylle it with thy men
Myn offryng quod Rycharde loþ heveth
I wyll come Iherusalem to nere
And in an arblaste of byse he venys
A floyn towarde the cyte he sente
And that was sygnysyauice
Ihesu cryste to honourauice
For wrathe became sette the kyngys of Fraunce
His leches he sente after without bystaunce
And they sayd never he shold have beh
But he in to fraunce returned ayein
Than his counsayll shold he lode
And sayd it was trewe and godd
Theyt shypes they byght more & laſt
And wente home at alhalowmasse
Kynge Rycharde gan to hym crye
And sayd he byde grete bylanye
To wende home for maladie
Out of the londe of Sutry

Tyll done was goddes seruyle
for lyfe or deth in ony wyse
The kyngे of fraunce none othes woldē do
But in that maner departed so
And after that deparcyng foyldē
Euer after they were moche

Chow kyngē Rycharde and his men made the
walles of a cyte whiche hyght chalus / and how
the duke of astryche departed fro mym / bicaus
se of þ rebuke he gaue hym bycause he woldē not
doo as he dyde / and how kyngē Rycharde wan
the castell of daron.



Now herken of Rycharde the kyngē
How he wrought with his gyngē
Kyngē Rycharde wente his boost
To Iasse without ony boost
The kynges pauylon good and fyne
They gan dyght with a griffynē
Other lordes gan aboute sprede
Theyr pauylpons infayre mede
Kyngē Rycharde with his men all
Of the cyte let make the wall
That never was nosataspies
So stronge wrought with byches
That castell was stronge and tyche
In the worlde was none hym lyche
Theder myght come by the see
Of all maner goodes ycte plente
He set euery warde with good knyghtes
Stoute in armes stronge in syghtes

Men myght wende the cyte aboute
Many myle without doute
Kynge Rycharde dewelled with honour
Tyll Jasse were made and the toure
Frome thens to chalens he wente
And founde the walles all to rente
Grete and fayre was the cyte
Kynge Ryecharde therof had pyte
Kynge Rycharde besought the lordes all
Of that cyte to helpe to make the wall
And all the lordes euerychone
Graunted hym his askynge anone
Saue the duke of esteryche
Kynge Rycharde thought to be quycke
Kynge Rycharde began to trauayle
Aboute the walles without fayle
So there dyde many an other
Fader and sone eme and brother
Made moter and layde stone
With theyr myght euerychone
Euery kynge and euery emperour
Stones bare and mortour
Saue the duke that was full of pryde
He ne wolde them helpe at no tyde
Upon a daye kynge Rytharde hym mette
And heidly kynge Rycharde hym grette
He badde the duke of his courtesye
To make of the wall his partie
And he answered in his maner
My fader was nother mason nor carpenter
And though your wall all to shake
I shall them never helpe to make

Kynge Rycharde was in grete errore
Wrathe made hym to chaunge coloure
The duke with his fote he smote
Ayenst the breste god it wote
That on a stone he ouerthrew
It was mysdome by saynt Mathewe
Fye on the deuylls thou foule cowarde
In hell be thou hanged harde
Go quyckely out of this hoost
The curse haue thou of the holy goost
By the sydes of cryste Ihesus
Fynde I the traytour amonge vs
Ouer this same dayes thre
My selfe shall thy bane be
Traytour we trauayle daye & nyght
In ware and wreke and in fyght
And thou lyest as foule gloton
And slepest in thy pauylpon
Thou drynkest wyne good & stronge
And slepest all the daye longe
I shall take frome the thy baner
And caste it in to the ryuer
Home wente the duke full wrothe
His owne stryfe was hym lothe
Of that despyste he was vnblithe
He trussed his harneys as swythe
And sware by Ihesu in trynyte
Yf he myght ever his tymese
He sholde of Rycharde hym so awreke
That all the worlde therof shall speke
He helde hym all to well for warde
In hell be he hanged harde

Thorugh his treason and his trecherie
And tho ugh the waytynge of a spye
He dyde kynge Rycharde grete shame
That tourned all englond to grame
A lytell lenger and he moost
And had his lyfe by the holy goost
Of euery duke kynge and emperour
He had ben lord and conquerour
All crysten and eke pany
Solde all holde of hym
The duke of estryche hym faste
Awye with his meyne in haste
And with hym the duke of burgoyne
The folke of fraunce & the erle of colynnes
Kynge Rycharde let breke his baner
And caste it in to the ryuer
And cryed on hym with voyce stipe
Home shrewed cowarde and go slepe
Come no more in no wyse
Neuer este in goddes scrupule
The duke of estryche prycked ther
For wrathe his herte gan bren
Kynge Rycharde lefte with his englyssh
Tuscanes gascoynes lumbardes Iwas
Skottes Iryshe and falke of brytan
Geneuops baskes and men of spayne
And made the walles dage and myght
Tyll they were stronge pyght
Than kynge Rycharde with grete pyre
Had made the walles of chalyne
All his hoost with hym he taas
And wente forth a grete paas

The fyrst nyght in the name of Marye
He laye at a towne that hyght famelye
On the morowe he let hym arme wele
Bothe in Iren and eke in stele
By the maryne forth he wente
To abbare a cyte full gente
That was a castell of sarasynes
Full of stones and of ryches
Bothe of fatte flesche and of lene
Whete otes pesyn and bene
Kynge Rycharde it wan & sojournd there
Byn dayes all planere
And sente spyes by eche wayes
For to aspye the countrayes
Of castell daron kynge Rycharde herde
All togyder how it ferde
For it was full of sarasynes
That were goddes enemyes
Kynge Rycharde wente theder in haste
The sarasynes for to agaste
So he wente on his Journaye
He came theder by saynt James daye
They besyeged the daron
To wynne the castell and the towne
The castell was made of suche stone
That it dredde assaute ryght none
Aboute the walles was 3 dyght
They ne had never sene no syght
The sarasynes cryed in theyr langage
Crysten houndes of euyll rage
Here ye haue fet your dome
But ye the sooner tourne home

Whan kynge Rycharde herde that crye
He sware his othe by saynt Marye
The sarasynes sholde be hanged all
Or such a case sholde befall
The crysten assayled & they defended
And many a quarrell they sended
All that daye and all that nyght
They and the crysten kepte fyght
Kynge Rycharde sawe he myght not sped
Than he bethought hym of an other rede
Kynge Rycharde toke all his englysshe
And dyde repe russhes in a maryssh
To fyll withall the dyche of darowne
To wynne the castell and the towne
Twenty grete gynnes for the nones
Kynge Rycharde sente after to cast stonnes
By water they were brought anone
The matgryffon was that one
That was set vpon an hyll
To breke the walles of the castyll
That other gynne hyght robynet
That on an other syde was set
Rycharde set an other mangenell
That caste towarde an other tourell
Kynge Rycharde dyde bynde the russhes faste
And in to the dyche dyde them caste
And all playne the dyche made
The sarasynes no warde they hadde
Wylde fyre theron they caste
The russhes were on fyre in haste
And brenned ryght to the grounde
Soone within a lytell stounde

¶ Of the crysten many an hondred
Therof gretely were awondred
The mangenelles threwe always
And brake the walles nyght and daye
The robynet and the matgryffowne
And that they hytte they caste downe
So within a lytell stounde
The nexte wall was caste to grounde
And fyld full the grete dyche
Este with russhes hastelyche
Tho myght our knyghtes well
Entre in to daron castell
The erle of leycester syr Robert
The trustyest body of myddell erth
He was the syrf without fayle
The castell daron to assayle
Up he lefte his banere
And smote on the destre
The sarasynes with mylauentoute
Fledde in to the kygh toure
That was bothe stronge and starkē
All of the sarasynes warke
And many stode withoute
And fought faste without doutē
Ayenst the erle syr Robarde
They gaue many a dente harde
Many a helme there was weued
And many a bassenet all to cleued
Sheldes clouen syll a two
And many a stede stycked also
Robert turnam with his fauconne
Gan thereto cracke many a crowne

The longe spaye the erle of rychemonde
Slewe many an hethen hounde
All that theyr swerdes arnaught
It fell at the fyrest draught
There dyed many crysten men
But of hethen sucheten
Amonge them came kyng Rycharde
To fyght well he nothyng sparde
Many one in a lytell stounde
With his axe he layde to grounde
All on fote he gan to fyght
The sarasynes of hym had a syght
How plenteuous was his payment
None ne myght withstande his dent
They wente quykly without fable
And slewe theyr stedes in the stable
The fayrest hors and stede
That euer bare knyght at ned
Fleshe whete floure and larder
All togyder they set on fyre
They had leuer to do so
Than with theyr bytayll to helpe theyr fo
By the brethe kyng Rycharde aspyde
He slewe downe ryght on every syde
All that he myght ouertake
None amendes must they make
He began to assayle the hye toure
With wyght men of grete valoute
The sarasynes in the toure on hye
Saynge theyr endynge daye was nye
Wylde fyre soone in haste
Amonge the crysten it was caste

The wylde fyre flosse aboute so smarte
That many a crysten man it harte
They myght no lenger suffre that thrawe
Auone they began them to withdrawe
A myle frome daron castell
They caste abrode many a fyre barell
And soone after in a lytell space
Thowgh the helpe of goddes grace
The castell fell on fyre all
Fro the toure to the btermest wall
The houses brente and the butdys
Grete smoke there arose Iwys
The sarasynes were almoost attaynt
And in the smoke well nygh adraynt
Ten hondred there cryed at one worde,
Mercy kynge Rycharde good lord
Let vs go out of this toure
And thou shalte haue a grete ttesoure
With lyfe and lymbe let vs go
A thoulande we gyue the to
Nay quod Rycharde by Ihesu cryste
By his dethe and by his vpryste
Ye shall never downe come
Tyll payed be that caunsome
And yet therafter be at my wyll
Whether I wyll you saue or spyll
Or ye shall ryght there sterue
A lord they sayd we shall the serue
At thy wyll we wyll vs do
With that we must come the to
To henge or drawe brenne or sle
Our fredome lord is in the

Kynge R.



D.L.

Kynge Rycharde graunted them than
And commaunded the cristen man
That the sarasynes be kepte with sorowe
For to the sonne arysse on the morowe
It was done as I in boke fynde
Kynge Rycharde let them faste bynde
Upon a playne before the wall
Kynge Rycharde let them lede all
And he that payed a thousande pounde
For his heed he myght passe sounde
He that wolde so moche gyue
To a certayne daye he let hym lyue
And he that payed no raunswone
As quycke his heed was lnytendowne
Thus kynge Rycharde wan daron
God gyue vs all his benyson
And his soule reste and ro
And ours whan it cometh therto

How kynge Rycharde smote downe an
ymage of marble / and how he slewe fyue
sarasynes that were within þ sayd ymage
and of many other maters.

After the wynnynge of darowne
The kynge wente to an other towne
To gatrys with a fayre meyne
For to besyge that cyte
Now herken how he it wan
And ye shall here of a doughty man
A stoute warryour and a queynte
That never was founde in herte feynite

He that was lord of Catrys
Had ben a man of prys
And fell to fyght ayenst his fo
That same tyme it was not so
For he was so fallen in elde
That he myght none armes welde
Bus as he dyde after queyntyse
Herken nowe in whiche wyse
Inyddes the towne vpon a stage
He let make a marble ymage
Crowned stoutly as a kynge
And badde his folke olde and yng
That they sholde neuer ben a knowe
To crysten men hygh ne lowe
That they had no lordyng of dygnyte
But that ymage in that cyte
Kynge Rycharde the warrour kene
There assaute he began by dene
Spryngelles and manganelles he bente
And stones to the cyte sente
The sarasynes mercy cryde
They wolde caste þv the gates Wyde
If it were kynge Rychardes wyll
That he wolde not the people spyll
And he graunted without les
They had entre all in peas
Kynge Rycharde asked at the fyft worde
Of the cyte where was the lord
They answered Rycharde the kynge
That they ne had no lordyng
But the ymage of marble fyne
And mahowne and theyr god appolyne

Kynge R.



D.4.

Kynge Rycharde stode so sayth the boke
And on the yniage he gan for to loke
How he wge he was wrought and sterne
And sayd to them all yerne
O sarasynes without fayle
Of your lorde I haue meruayle
Yf I may thorough helpe of my lorde god
That bought vs all with his blode
With a shafte smyte his necke a sonder
And ye shall se that wonder
Wyll ye byleue all bpon my lorde
Ye than they sayd all at one worde
Than kynge Rycharde let hym dyght a shafte.
Of a trusty tree and of kynde crafte
And for it sholde ben stronge and laste
He let bynde thereto well faste
Endlonge fourre yerdes of yre
And syth Rycharde the grete syre
Let set theron a crownall kene
Whan it was redy on to sene
Fauell of Cypres was forth fet
And in the sadell he hym set
And rode his course to the stage
And in the face smote the ymage
The hred tho flowe the body a sonder
And slewe fyue sarasynes there vnder
The sarasynes sayd than
He was a deuyll and no man
And all became crysten thore
yonge and olde lesse and more
And hastely without lesynge
Theyr olde lorde they gan forth bryngē

And folde all his compasement
Kynge Rycharde lough with good entent
And gaue hym the cyte to welde
Though he leued adamas helde
To chalyng he wente agayne
Forth by the maryne soth to sayne
There he sotourned seuen nyght
With many a doughty knyght
They pyght pauylongs fayre and well
For to beseige a stronge castell
That was a myle beseide lyem
There myle frome castell pylgrem
With thycke walles & tourelles of pryde
The castell was cleped lefryde
The sarasynes sawe the kynge was come,
For drede they wende to ben I nome
Theyr hertes were full of wo
All by nyght awaye they flo
The gate they vnschette full yern
And flowe awaye by a posterne
For all this myddell erth
They ne durst abyde kynge Rycharde
This noble castell verament
Kynge Rycharde wan without dent
Fro thens he wente to gebolyn
That hospytalers had dwelled therin
And templers bothe in fere
And kepte the cyte many a yere
Whan Bawdewyn was slayne with bronde
Salandyn toke the towne in honde
In that cyte was saynt Anne I boze
That our lady was of I boze

Kynge R.



D.iii.

They pyght the kynges paulyownes
With force within the townes
And slewe the sarasynes all and same
That wolde not leue on crystes name
There came the fyfth wycked tydynge
To cute Delyon Rycharde our kynge
Of englonde his brother Joh̄n
That was the fendes fleshe and bone
Through helpe of the barones sone
The chaunceler had I nome
And wolde be with maystry of honde
Crowned kyng of englonde
At estertyde there afterwarde
Than answered kyng Rycharde
What veyll he sayd how is this
Telleth Joh̄n no more prys
He weneth that I lyue to longe
Therefore he wyll do me wronge
And yf he knewe I were on lyue
He wolde not with me stryue
I shall me so of hym awake
That all the worlde therof shall speke
At Joh̄n hym crowne that ester tyde
Where wyll he me than abyde
There is no kyng in crystente
Certes that shall his waraunt be
I ne may byleue for no nedē
That my brother wyll do this dede
Yes certes sayd the nieslengere
He wyll so do by saynt rychere
Kyng Rycharde all this tydynge
Heldē in herte but lesynge

Fro gebolyne forth he wente
To betanye a castell gente
And slewe theyr many an hethen man
And that noble cyte he wan
There come other messengers
That tolde Rycharde stoute and fyres
That Johs his brother wolde bere
Crownie at ester he gan to swere
The kynge was lothe to withdrawe his honde
Cyll he had I wonne the holy londe
And slewe the sowdan with dente of sworde
And auenged Ihesu our lord
And he bethought hym after then
He wolde leue there his men
And with a prey meyne
Into englonde wolde he
And apease that warre anone
Byt wene hym and his brother Johs
And came agayne in hyenge
For to fulfyll his begynnyng
And also he thought in his herte
A stoute sarasyne gan in sterke
That ought kynge Rycharde raunson
For thewynnyng of daron
He spake to Rycharde a partylyche
Amonge his people that were ryche
Syr kynge thou shalte me quyte skere
And all thy other hostagere
Through thy queyntyle and thy gyn
I shall the do grete tresour wyn
Moze than an hondred thousande pounde
Florence of golde hole and sounde

Kynge R.



D.iii.

¶ Of the sarasynes tresore
And moche more other store
¶ Therto I laye to hostage my lyfe
And my chyldren and my wyfe
But I do the wynne that praye
¶ On lan cuyll dethe must I daye
¶ Kynge Rycharde sayd thou mystruaunt
So as thou byleuest on termagaunt
Tell me now what folke there is
I byleue it is full fayntyle Iwys
That ledeth so tresour without fayles
¶ Syr there ben fyue hondred caniayles
And fyue thousande there ben & mo
Asses and grete mules also
That ledeth golde to Salandyn
¶ Of grete tresour and offyne
¶ Of whete and of spycerye
¶ Of sylke and sendell grete plentye
Rycharde sayd so god me deme
¶ Is there nioche folke that to yeme
¶ Le syr he sayd there ben before
Knygthes rydynge syxty score
And after cometh suche ten
¶ Of doughty hethen men
¶ I herde them speke in theyr rounyng
They were aferde of the englyssh the kynge
¶ Kynge Rycharde sayd that they sholde fynde
¶ Though there were twenty thousynde
¶ I wolde them mete euerychone
¶ Though I were my selfe alone
Without helpe of ony man
¶ I wolde them sicc or quicke tan

Do saye me anone ryght
Wher shall I fynde them to nyght
Here belyde myles ten
Thou myght fynde the hethen men
There they wylle rest and abyde
Cyll more folke come ryde
Ho:s and harneys he cryed anone
Cure delyon now is tyme to gone
Before wente his templers
His gascoyens and his hospytalers
Ho:s and men were cryed in hyenge
And wente forth with Rycharde our kynge
Than sayd the longe spaye vnto the kynge
Syc make here thy dwellynge
They ben lodged in the towne
I wyll go and aspye theyr rowne
And brewe them a dynke with wo
Now I wyll to them go
And tell them that kynge Rycharde
Is faste in to englondewarde
They wyll me leue with the best
And they wyll than go to theyr rest
And than syr may ye wende
And take them all slepende
Iye a deuyll sayd the kynge
God gyue the euyll endyng
I am no traytour take good kepe
To sle men whan they slepe
By clere daye vpon the feldes
Thou shalte se speres and sheldes
Be it erles barons or kynges
All they shall haue theyr endynges

Kynge R.



P.S.

The sarasyne our kyngे Rycharde answereth
There is no man in the myddelerth
Duke baron ne knyght
Is none so hardy ne so wyght
Ne none so moche of renowne
Well mayst þ be hyght Rycharde cure delyon
Therefore I wyll not it forhele
There ben of sarasynes twyes so fele
As thou hast folke in this countre
Sertaynly I warne the
Rycharde layd god gyne me shame
Therefore and my herte be lame
For one of my cristen men
Is worth of sarasynes nyne or ten
The more there ben the more shall we slo
And awake Ihesu cryste of his so
Forth wente there a spye after then
And aspyed the hethen men
He aspyed theyr compaslynge
And tolde it Rycharde our kyngē
He cryed hors and harneys thare
And dyght them and made them yare
Anone lepte the kyngē Rycharde
On his stede that hyght lyarde
His englysshe and his templers
They lepte anone on theyr destriers
And wente in to the hethen hoost
In the name of the holy goost
All the sarasynes with one noblaye
To the sowdan wolde theyr waye
Kyngē Rycharde smote them amonge
There began a blyffull songe

But to termagaunt and to mahowne
They cryed helpe to syr plutowne
Kynge Rycharde gan downe bere
Them thorough the herte with a spere
And so he serued an admirayle
And syue dukes without fayle
Afterwarde his axe he drewe
Many an hethen man he slewe
Some he cloue vnto the sadell ryght
And slewe bothe swayne and knyght
A kynge he cloue vnto the arsowne
There halpe hym nougth mahowne
An erle he smote on the yren hode
That at the breste the axe withstode
There was full many a sarasyne
That he sente to hell pyne
They destroyed many a stede
So swystely they gan spedē
His templars and his hospytalers
Came there on fayre destriers
So longe they fought sayth the stoyre
That they had the vyctoyre
Thorough helpe of his cristen knyghtes
Scyffe in armes stronge in fyghtes
And as many he slewe alone
As they dyde euerychone
And many escaped with dethes wounde
That lyued after but a stounde
They wolde hym no more mete
Rycharde by the waye ne by strete
Now may ye here of the wynnynge
That wanne Rycharde our kynge

Kynge R.



P. 11.

Hors of pryce and many a camayle
Fyue thousande & fyue hondred saunce fayle
Syre hondred hors of grete coursers
All charged with ryche tresers
That were in cofers faste I bounde
With fyne syluer and golde full rounde
Mules he had thre thousande and mo
That pannes and spyces bare tho
And fyue hondred of alle
Bare wyne and oyle more & lasse
And also many of whete rede
There Rycharde dydde a noble dede
Whan he all that tresour wan
He wente home to his man
In to betanye that cyte noble
With that tresour and with that moble
He gaue to hygh and to lowe
Of his purches good ynowe
He gaue them stedes and coursers
So Rycharde parted his purches in fyers
Hym betydde a well fayre case
Of all crystendome lord he was
Soone after in a lytell stounde
There came two messengers of mounde
The bysshop of chester was that one
That other the abbot of saynt albone
And brought letters specyell
I sealed with the barons seell
They hym tolde that kynge John
Wolde do hym the crowne vpon
At eester by the cornyn dome
But ye the rather come home

for the kynge of fraunce with enuye
Was rysen in normandye
Than sayd Rycharde by goddes payne
The deuyll hath now to moche mayne
For all theyr boost and theyr deraye
Yet they shall bowe some daye
There they dwelled cyll halowmalle
And than he gan to Jasse passe
For seuen yere and for more
He gan the castell to astore
Fyue thousande I fynde in boke
He let there that castell loke
For to kepe well that londe
Out of Salandynes honde
Cyll that come agayne he myght
Frome englonde god it dyght
And than he thought to Acrys warde
That doughty body kynge Rycharde
Of Salandyn now begyn I geste
That maketh noyse and grete heste
Wrothe he was and full soze amoued
For his tresour was thus robbed
And for his men were thus I slayne
Therefore was hym nothyng fayne
And sayd he wolde awreked be
Whan he myght his tyme se
So that tyme came a spye in
And tolde thus to Salandyn
A lordes be now blythe of mode
I the brynge tydynges gode
To thy herce a blythe presente
Kynge Rycharde is to Acrys wente

Kynge R.



P.iii.

For ouer he wyl to englond
Hym is I come suche a sonde
That Iohn his brother I the swere
Wyll his crowne bere
Iaffe he hath stored a ryght
With many a baton & hardy knyghts
Syftene thousande I wote well
That shall kepe the towne & the castell
If he may so well sped
Tyll he come frome his stede
Salandyn was ofte in wele and wo
But never so mery as he was tho
The spye he gaue an hondred besauntes
That the tydylnges brought to presauntes
And a ryght fayre destrete
And robe furred with blaundemere
Than wolde he no lenger abyde
He sente aboute on euery syde
Upon lymbe and vpon lyfe
Upon chyldren and vpon wyfe
That they come to hym belyue
To helpe hym out of londe dryue
Kynge Rycharde and his tayle
To hym came an admirayle
Many a duke and many a kynge
And many an other grete lordylng
Of egypte and of arabye
Of capadose and of barbarye
Of cyre and of ascloinoyne
Of ynde and of babyloyn
Of grete grece and tyre also
Of many emperres & kyngdomes to

¶f all the heþen kynges that I fynde
Frome the grekes see vnto ynde
Charles the kynge ne Alysaundre
¶f whome was made moche sclaudre
He had never halfe the hooſt
As in the countre laye in coost
Iſyue myle it laye in brede
And more I wene so god me rede
And twenty it was of length
This was an hooſt of grete strength
There men myght ſe grete wonder
¶f people that were without nombre
Iaffe they haue aboute Iſet
Many a cryſten man to let
There were in a lytell thrawe
On bothe partyes moche folke Iſlawe
So stoutē and harde was the batayle
That it fared without fayle
As it had ben frome heuen lyght
So clere it was of swerdes bryght
The cryſten men well fought
To ſee the ſarafynes they had in thoughts
They fared as of the erth they ſpronge
So many there were of ride and ronge
That no slaughter of swerdes kene
In that batayll myght ben ſene
Tho the cryſten fledde in to the caſtell
And kepte the gates wythe well
The ſarafynes the cyte nome
To theyr well and to theyr dome
Than began many a ſarafyne
The caſtell wall to vndermyne

Kynge B.



P. lxxv.

And the crysten for the nones
To fruslhe them bothe body and bones
The sarasynes yode aboute the wall
And shotte in ouer all
And our men to them as swythe
Many of them they made vnbllythe
They sought where they myght best
Greue the crysten men mest
At the laste a gate they fonde
Not faste shotte in they sonde
There they founde a stronge metynge
Of launces and swerdes caruynge
To grounde they layde a thousande men
Of ours there were slayne but ten
Thoughe they were neuer so stoute
At the gate they put them oute
That daye myght they not sped
The sarasynes for no nede
A knyght by the mone clere
The crysten sente a messengere
To kynge Rycharde to Acrys cyte
And badde hym for goddes pyte
That he sholde to helpe come
And elles they were all I nome
They tolde hym all the harde cas
Of the sowdan how it was
And but ye come to them anone
They ben but deed euerychone
Rycharde answered tho a plyght
Full well knowe I the sowdans fyght
He wyll make but a deray
At the walles and go his waye

I wyl not for hym to them wende
But soone I wyl them socour sende
He cleped to hym his neuewe
A baron of grete vertewe
That hyght Harry of champayne
And bad hym wende to Jasse playne
And sayd take with the this hoost
And abbatte the sowdans boost
Hors and harneys he gan crye
Amonge the hoost they sholde hye
And with syr Harry for to wende
And Jasse helpe to desende
Ayenst the cursed Salandyne
And awake you of the sarasyne
On the morowe wente syr Harry
And many a good knyght hardy
Gascoynes spanyardes and lumbarde
For the byddyng of kyng Rycharde
They wente forth by the maryne
Tyll they came to palastryne
The sarasynes hoost there they sene
All the countre full I wene
Of theyr comynge the sowdan herde
Swythe towarde them he ferde
Whan duke Harry this wyste
He fledde agayne by Ihesu cryste
And he made no tarynge
Tyll he came to Rycharde our kyng
And sayd he neuer sawe ne herde
In all this wyde myddellerde
Not halfe dele the people of men
That Salandyne hath by downe & den

No tonge he sayd may them tell
I wene they come out of hell
Than answered kyng Rycharde
Fye a deuylls thou foule comarde
He shall I never by god aboue
Truste to trensche mannes loue
The crysten men that in Jasse beth
They may wyte the of theyr deth
Through thy defaude I am adradde
My good barons ben bestadde
Now for the loue of laynt Marye
Wythe shewe nie my galye
All tho that euer loue me
To shyppe nowe for charyte
All that euer wepen bere myght
To shyppe the wente anone ryght
And hyed them to Jasse warde
With the doughty kyng Rycharde
Herken now how my tale goth
Though I sware to you none othe
I wyl you rede comayns none
Of pertenope ne of pponydoun
Re of Alysaundre ne of Charlemayne
Re of Arthur ne of Gawayne
Re of Launcelot de lake
Re of Beuys ne Guy of Sydryake
Re of Wry ne of Octauyan
Re of Hector the stronge man
Re of Jason neyther of Hercules
Re of Eneas neyther of Achylles
They ne wanne never parmafaye
In theyr tyme by theyr daye

And anone of them so doughty dede
He so stronge batayll ne of felowrede
As dyde kyng Rycharde without sayle
At Jasse at that stronge batayle
With his axe and his swerde
Alsoyle his soule Ihesu lorde
It was before mydnyght
Mone and sterre shone well bryghe
Rycharde was to Jasse come
With his galayes all and some
And herkened to warde the castell
If he myght here taboure or flagell
And he nought coude aspye
By voyce ne by mynstrelsy
What quicke man in the castell wate
Tho became his herte full of care
Well sore than wepte kyng Rycharde
Wronge his hondes and tare his barde
A Ihesu now thy socour
To longe I haue made soisout
Now slayne is Roberte mortemere
That was erle of leycestere
Euery here of hym was worth a knyght
And Roberte turnam that was so wryght
And syr Brandys and syr Pyttarde
That in batayll was wyse and harde
And all my good barons
The best of all my regyons
They ben slayne and all to toze
How myght I lenger lyue therfore
I myght haue sauued all myne
If I had comen betyme

Certes I shall never be blythe man
Cyll I be awrekened on the sowdan
Thus syghed kynge Rycharde aye
Cyll it came ayenst the daye
A wayte there stode at a cornell
And pyped a note with a flagell
He ne pyped but one sythe
Many an herte he made blythe
He loked downe and sawe galyes
Kynge Rycharde and his nauyes
Shyppe and sayle well he knewe
A mery note than he blewe
And cryed seygnours or sus sus
Kynge Rycharde is come amonge vs
Whan the cristen herde this
Theyr hertes became lyght I wys
Erles barons squyers and knyght
To the walles ranne ryght
And sawe kynge Rycharde theyr lord
And welcomed hym with blythe worde
And sayd lord welcome in goddes name
All our sorowe is tourned to game
Rycharde had never in herte I wys
Halfe dele so moche blys
Hors and harneys he cryed thare
Ayenst the sarasynes for to fare
We ne haue lyfe but one
Hell we it dere bothe fleshe & bone
for to chalenge our herytage
Slee we the sarasynes on euyll rage
Who so hym douteth for nienace
Ne le he never in goddes face

Take me myn axe in myn honde
It was made in englond
No more theyr armure I ne doute
Than it were a pylche cloute
The sothe to save men shall se
Thorough goddes helpe in trynyte
He was the fyrst that on londe dyde lepe
Of a dosyn he made an hepe
He gan to crye with boyce clere
Wher ben these hethen pantenere
That haue the cyte of Jasse Inome
With my pollaxe I am come
For to waraunt that I haue do
Wassayll he sayd I dynke you to
He layde on I saye you a plyght
And slewe the sarasynes downe ryght
The sarasynes fledde and wente mate
full faste out at the castell gate
In herte they were full of sorowe
That them thought the gate to narowe
And ranne to the walles of the towne
By euery syde they lept downe
And eueryche cryed in this manere
Herken now and ye shall here
Malkan sterran nayre arbru
Loyze fermoyre touȝ memoru
That is for to saye in englysshe
The englysshe deuyll I come is
And but we flee out of his waye
In euyll deth shall we dye to daye
They fledde out of the towne anone
therin abode not so moche as one

But four hundred or fyue
They were soone brought out of lyue
They lepte on theyr destrieres
And at the gate set porters
Kynge Rycharde lepte on fauell
Well armed in yren and in stelle
And rode hym out at the gate
The kynge of egypte he mette therate
With syxty thousande of sarasynes fers
With armes bygght and brode baners
Rycharde a duke on the helme hytte
Downe to the grounde he hym slytte
Another he smote on the yren hode
That at his breste his swerde stode
His templers and his barons
Fared ryght lyke wood lyons
And slewe the sarasynes swythe
Als grasse falleth before the sythe
The sarasynes sawe no better wone
But fledde awaie euerychone
To Salandynes grete hoost
That syftene myle laye in coost
Syxty thousande as I you saye
The sowdan loste that same daye
For theyr armure fared as ware
Ayenst kynge Rychardes axe
Many a sarasyne & hygh lordynge
Yelded them to Rycharde our kynge
Rycharde put them in hostage tho
There were a thousande prisoners & mo
The chace lasted swythe longe
Tyll the tyme of euensonge

Rycharde rode after tyll it was nyght
So many of them to deth he dyght
That no nombre it may accounte
How many of them it wolde amounce
Rycharde leste without the towne
And pyght there his pauplyowne
And that nyght with mylde herte
He comforted his barons smarte
And ye shall here on the morowe
How there was a daye of sorowe
For the gretest batayll I vnderstonde
That never was in ony londe
And ye that this batayll wyllere
Herken now and ye shall here
As kynge Rycharde late at his soupere
And gladded his barons with mylde chere
And comforted them with ale and wyne
Two messengers came frome Salandyn
And stode kynge Rycharde before
With longe berdes and with hore
Of two mules they were a lyght
In golde and sylke they were I dyght
Eyther helde other by the honde
And sayd kynge Rycharde now vnderstonde
Our lord Salandyn the hygh kynge
Hath the sente this askynge
If that thou were so hardy a knyght
That thou durste hym abyde in fyght
Tyll to morowe that it daye ware
Of blysse thou sholde ben all bare
For thy lyfe and for thy barons
He wyll not gyue two skalons

He wyll the take with strength of hondes
For he hath folke of many londes
Egyens and of turkye
Of morpens and of arabye
Basyles and embosyens
Well eger knyghtes of defens
Egyptyens and of surrey
Of ynde moror and of capadocye
Of medes and of asclamoyne
Of samarye and of bablynayne
Two hondred kuyghtes without fayle
Fyue hondred of amarayle
The grounde ne may them vnneth bere
The tolke that cometh the to dere
By our rede do ryght well
And tourne agayne to Jasse castell
In safe warde thou myght there be
Cyll thou haue sente after thy meyne
And yf thou le thou may not stonde
Courne agayne to thyn owne londe
In anger Rycharde toke vp a lofe
And in his hondes it all to rose
And sayd to that saralyne
God gyue the well euyll pyne
And Salandyn your lord
The deuell hym hange with a corde
For your counsayll and your tydynge
God gyue you well euyll endynge
Now go and saye to Salandyn
In desperte of his god appolyn
I wyll abyde hym betyme
Though he come to morowe or pryme

And though I were but my selfe alons
I wolde abyde them euynchone
And yf the dogge wyll come to me
My bollaxe shall his bane be
And saye that I hym desyre
And all his cursed company in fere
Go now and saye to hym thus
The curse haue he of swete Jhesus
The menssengers wente to Salandyn
And all the begynnyng tolde hym
Salandyn meruayled than
And sayd it was none erthly man
He is a deuyll or a saynt
His myght founde I never faynt
Anone he made his orderynge
For to take Rycharde the kynge
Cherof Rycharde toke no kepe
But all nyght laye and slepe
Cyll ayenst the dawnyng
Than herde he a shyll cryenge
Thorugh goddes grace an aungellof heuen
Tho sayd to hym with mylde steuen
Aryse and lepe on thy good stede fauell
And tourne agayne to Jasse castell
Thou haste slepte longe I noug
Thou shalte fynde harde and tough
Or thou conie to that cyte
Thou shalte be wrappet at thy meyne
After the batayll without leas
With the sowdan thou make thy feas
Take trues and let thy baronage
Unto the flome do theyr byage

Kynge R.



Q i.

To Nazareth and to Bedlem
To Caluare and to Iherusalem
And let them wende after then
And come thou after with thy shypmen
For enemyes thou haste I vnderstonde
There in thyne owne londe
Up sayd the aungell a well the spedē
Thou ne haddeſt neuer moze nedē
Rycharde arose as he wolde wedē
And lepte on fauell his good stede
And sayd lordynges or sus or sus.
Thus hath vs warned swete Ihesus
On armes he let crye thare
Ayenſt the sarasynes for to fare
But Salandyn and his tem
Was bytwene Jaffe and them
That was to Rycharde moche payne
That he ne myght his hoost ordayne
Before he prycked on fauell
His spere dyde byte full well
Therwith he slewe without doute
The kynges of the sowdans route
His hors was styffe hymſelfe was good
Hors ne man hym nougħt withstande
For to hewe many an hethen cors
He dyde his myght and his hors
He that had ſeen his countenaunce
Wolde hym haue had in remembraunce
They gan on hym as faste dryue
As bees done from the hony hyue
Whome that he hytte with his ſworde
Neuer after ne ſpake he worde

The englysshe and frensshe gan after ryde
To fyght they were fresshē that tyde
Upon the sarasynes faste they donge
With swerdes and with launces stronge
And smote harde with theyr myght
And slewe the sarasynes downe ryght
And there was full lytell kepe
So many of them were layde on slepe
That no slaughter without fayle
Ne myght ben seen in that batayle
A myre there was without Jasse
A myle longe without lasse
Maugre them kynge Rycharde that syte
Thre thousande droue in to the myre
The foule cursed hethen men
Lye and bathe them in the fen
And tho that wolde come vp
Dranke of Rychardes owne cup
What adreynt and what I sawe
The sowdan lost of the hethen lawe
Syxty thousande in a lytell stounde
In the frensshe it is I founde
Tho kynge Rycharde wente ayen
To recomforde hym with his men
Now he was here now he was there
To helpe them with his powere
Ne sawe men never as I you tell
One man so many to grounde fell
And in the moost peryll of the batayle
Kynge Rycharde sawe without fayle
His eem syr Harry of champayne
Felde downe of his hors in the playne

Kynge R.



Q. II.

The sarasynes had hym vnder honde
To slee hym faste they gan fonde
It had ben his daye laste
Had not Rycharde comen in haste
Rycharde cryed with an hye boyle
A helpe god and the holy croyle
Myn eem to daye fro shame thou shylde
Frome deth of these dogges wylde
Lordynges he sayd laye on
Ne let these dogges escape non
I my selfe shall proue to smyte
If my pollaxe wyll ought byte
Tho men myght se with mayne
How he shedde blode and brayne
Upon the place that grene was
Many a soule wente to sathanas
The templers came to socoure
There began an harde shour
They layde on as they were wode
The valeys ranne all on blode
The longe spaye was a doughty knyght
As he were wode he gan to fyght
The kynge of marrak he mette in the felde
With a spere he smote hym in the shelde
That he tumbled without fayle
Toppe sayle ouer his hors tayle
That on his heed he lyght
And brake his necke I you plyght
The erle of leycester syr Robarde
The erle of rychemonde & kynge Rycharde
There as these thre knyghtes rode
That daye was the waye all brode

Chat fourre carters myght mete
So many of them there lost the swete
On bothe partyes was many a body
Slayne that was full hardy
At the laste with grete payne
They wanne the erle of champayne
And brought hym vpon his stede
That wythe good was at nedde
And bad he sholde by hym ryde
Byght by his owne syde
With that came a messenger reke
With kynge Rycharde for to speke
And sayd lvr for charyte
Tourne agayne to Jasse cyte
Covered is bothe mount and playne
Kynge Alysaunder ne Charlemayne
He had never halfe the route
As is the cyte now aboute
Ye may in to the cyte ryde
In felde what happe so euer betyde
And I you warne without fayle
That moche is payred of your batayle
The patryarke I taken is
And John neuell I clayne Iwys
Wylliam of Arasyn and Gerarde
And bartram the braundys the good lumbarde
All these ben slayne and many mo
Kynge Rycharde bethought hym tho
And began to crye tourne arere
Euery man with his banere
And of sarasynes thousandes many one
To hym gadered euerychone

Kynge R.



M. iii.

And slewe fauell vnder hym
Tho was Rycharde wroth a grym
His axe from the arson he dwe
The sarasynes therwith he slewe
That had stycked vnder hym his stede
Therefore they lost theyr heddes to mede
On fote he was and on fote he layed
Many an hondred vnder hym dayed
All that his axe take myght
Downe he slewe anone ryght
What before and what behynde
A thousande sarasynes in boke I fynde
He slewe whan he was on fote
That came there never none to bote
Salandynes two sones came ryde
And ten thousande sarasynes by theyr syde
And began to crye to kynge Rycharde
Yelde the traytour thou foule cowarde
Or we shall the slee in this place
Thou lyest quod Rycharde by goddes grace
And with his axe he smote hym so
That his myddell he carued in two
There halfe the body fell downe
And that other halfe abode in the arsowne
Of the sayd Rycharde I am syker
His broder came to that byker
Upon a stede with grete raundowne
As though the worlde sholde fall downe
And gaue Rycharde a wounde thorugh the armie
That dyde Rycharde moche harmie
For on the spere heed was venym
And Rycharde stoutely smote to hym

That horz and man he felde to grounde
Lye there quod Rycharde hethen hounde
He shalte thou never tell Salandyne
That thou dydest me my lyfe to cyne
Than fyue dukes of hethenesse
Came with theyr hoost moze and lesse
And beset aboute Rycharde our kynge
And thought all to deth hym brynghe
But Rycharde within a lytell thrawe
The fyue dukes he hath I slawe
And many an hondred after then
All swythe doughty hethen men
At the last though it were late
Rycharde wanne to Jasse gate
Tho were our cristen well syker
That they sholde wynne that byker
The erle of leycester syr Robarde
Brought hym his stede lyarde
Kynge Rycharde in the sadell dyde lepe
Tho fledde the sarasynes ryght as shepe
Rycharde rode after tyll it was nyght
And slewe all that he take myght
There was slayne in playne and den
Ten hondred thousande hethen men
Tho myght Rycharde without leas
Wende to the cyte of Jasse in peas
Tho he thanked the kynge of gloze
And Marye of that byctoze
For syth the woldre was begonne
A fayrer batayle was never wonne
On the morowe he sente syr Sabeyule
And syr Roberte of Waturuyle

Huberte and Roberte of turnam
Ganter offorte and Johū the saynt Johū
That hyinselue and ryue of his men
Wolde tyght ayenst fyue hondred & ten
In wylde celde they wolde syght
And gouerne theyr goodes ryght
And yf they wynne thus that londe
Euer in to crysten mennes honde
If the sarasynes myght them sle
The londe sholde euer theyr owne be
And yf they wyll not theyr owne sayes
Saye that thre yere and thre dayes
I aske termes of the sowden
To wende to my londe and come ayen
The messengers forth gan wende
And tolde the tale worde and ende
And the sowdan wolde graunte the batayle
Fyue hondred ayenst Rycharde saunce fayle
On the morowe þf he wolde come
The trues sholde ben I nome
And thus tolde the messengers
To kynge Rycharde that was so fers
The nexte daye the sowdan made forwarde
Trues to take with kynge Rycharde
Thorugh all the londe to the flome
To acrys that wolde come
All the same thre yere
Crysten men ferre ne nere
Myght go to Iherusalem
To the sepulture and to bedlem
To olyuete and to nazarell
To Jaffe and to mayden castell

And to all other pylgrymages
Without harmes or damages

How kynge Rycharde was slayne
before the castell gaylarde / and how
the castell was wonne / and all were
slayne that were therin.

Thus kynge Rycharde y doughty man
Pras made with the sowdan
And syth he came I vnderstonde
The waye toward englonde
And thorugh treason was shotte alas
At castell gaylarde there he was
The duke of estryche in the castell
With his hoost was dyght full well
Rycharde thought there to abyde
The weder was hote in sonier tyde
At gaylarde vnder the castell
He wende he myght haue keled hym well
His helme he abbated thare
And made his bysage all bare
A spyre there was in the castell
That espyed Rycharde ryght well
And toke an arblaste swythe stronge
And a quarell that was well longe
And smote kynge Rycharde in tene
In the heed without wene
Rycharde let his helme downe fall
And badde his men dyghte them all
And swoze by the see and the sonne
Tyll the castell were I wonne

He sholde neyther mete ne drynke
Neuer in to his body synke
He set vp robynet that tyde
Upon the castelles syde
And on that other halfe the one
He set vp the matgryffone
To the castell he threwe stones
And brake the walles for the nones
And so within a lytell tyde
In to the castell they gan ryde
And slewe before and behynde
All tho that they myght ayenst them fynde
And euer was the quarell by the lede
Stycked styl in Rychardes hede
And whan it was drawen out
He dyed soone without doute
And he comaundered in all thyng
To his fader men sholde hym bryng
That they ne let for nesshe ne harde
Cyll he were at the font euerarde
At font euerarde wytterly
His bones lye his fader by
Kynge Harry forsothe he hyght
All englonde he helde to ryght
Kynge Rycharde was a conquerour
God gyue his soule moche honour
No more of hym in englyssh is wroght
But Ihesu that vs dore bought
Graunte his soule rest and ro
And ours whan it cometh cherto
And that it may so be
Saye all amen for charyte

¶ Thus endeth the story of the noble kyng Rys
charde cuer de lyon. Enprynted at London in þ
fletestrete at the sygne of the sonne by Wynkyn
de Worde prynter vnto the moost excellent pryn
celle my lady the kynges moder. In the yere of
our lord god. M. CCCCC. ix.

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Lynne 1591.
A.D. 1591.



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